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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE GREATEST NATIONAL Weekly Newspaper In the United States.

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1896. VOL. LXIV: NO. 8.

Poetry.

IN GRANDMA'S GARRET.

In grandma's garret shadows dim
Lurk 'round each nook and rafter,
And when I laugh, its echoes grim
Seem ghosts of long-dead laughter.

A faint perfume of by-gone days,
A fragrance of old laces,
Of stiff brocades and hoops and stays,
'Mid dust and gloom one traces.

Old trunks and chests, and musty books,
Quaint relics of past glories,
And hats and gowns from nails and hooks,
Rehearse forgotten stories.

Half-hidden in a corner's gloom,
By spider's lace spread over,
A youthful face of beardless bloom,
Looks forth—a pictured lover.

On margined corners firmly writ,
By goose-quill pen, but faded,
Two words I read, and make of it
A story love-pervaded!

I gaze and idly wonder who
She was, this gifted maiden,
And read again the words, "For Prue,"
With some old mystery laden.

What look is in the pictured glance
Of earnest eyes and royal,
That stirs again an old romance
Of woman's love un-loyal?

Why burns my cheek with red of shame,
Because of girlish fancies?
What dream that fate is in a name
And dread my own eyes' glances?

Against the wall I turn that face—
The face of "Prue's" true lover—
Ah, never may my grandchild trace
A face she fain would cover!
—Boston Transcript.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

My little child comes to my knee,
And tugging pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale beloved so well—
A tale my mother told me
Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night—
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of One who prayed alone and wept
While His wearied followers slept—
And how His blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side,
And echoes of the distant chime,
Bring that sweet story back to me,
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tones of fluent rhyme
Like misty shadows fade away;
But this sweet story bides for aye;
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."
—Eugene Field.

BARBERRIES.

In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone wall
The barberries lean in thin autumnal air;
Just when the fields and garden plots are bare,
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall,
They come to make the eve a festival!
Along the road for miles their torches flare.
Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare
(The damask rose might envy it withal),
What bards had sung your praises long ago,
Called you fine names in honey-worded books,
The rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane,
September's blushes, Ceres's lips aglow,
Earth-bed Hesperides, for your sweet looks!—
But your plebeian beauty is in vain.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Miscellany.

HIGH HEELS AGAIN.

Brocaded Silk Shoes in Fashion—Shoes for Athletic Women.

As the wheel of fashion revolves, the old styles in shoes revive, improved, of course, by modern taste to make them a novelty. Brocaded silk shoes with extremely high heels and very large buckles, like the one in the illustration, are coming in fashion again. This is not a delightful prospect, for there is nothing much more uncomfortable to wear and so injurious to the foot as the high heel. Low shoes for dancing come in great variety, beaded and strapped across the instep, and black ribbon stitched in a gilt front, with patent leather finish and a gold buckle, makes a very striking evening shoe. Steel beads and tiny buckles on a patent leather shoe, with an openwork crossed front coming high up over the instep, are very effective, and satin shoes to match the gown are always in order. One of the prettiest evening shoes is made of black glace kid, beaded with jet and lined with yellow satin.

The new skating boot favored by English women is cut high and stiffened at the side to give support to the ankle. Something nice in a bicycling shoe has high cloth tops, which do away with the necessity for gaiters and are much more trim in appearance.

A WAR ROMANCE.

After Years of Separation They Met and Were Married.

A little romance of the war was appropriately rounded out at Harlem Courthouse, Ky., a few days ago. In 1862 a fine young fellow of seventeen, named Jesse Baker, a Confederate, was wounded in a skirmish near that place, and was left by his command at a mountain cabin owned by John Calleen a bushwhacker, who was helping the Yankees. John and his wife were absent, and only their thirteen-year-old daughter, Nannie, was at home. She cared for the wounded boy, nursed him through a three months' sickness, and fell in love with him during that time. But Baker went away, forgot Nannie, and at the close of the war married another girl. His wife died.

A little while ago he moved to Harlem county, where he discovered his benefactress, Nannie, and found she was a widow. A few days ago they were married.—Philadelphia Times.

Making a Farce Comedy.

"There," said the playwright, "that play is finished."

"Why, George, dear," said his wife, "you've only been at it ten minutes."

"I know it, my dear, but it isn't part of my work to introduce the dances and comic songs. It's only three acts, you know."—Tit-Bits.

SOCIETY'S NEW PETS.

Angora Cats Are Most Popular for Pet for Milady's Boudoir.

A new fad being an absolute necessity in New York life, and the difficulty being to find enough new ones to "fill the bill," cats have now come in to have their day. Not the old-fashioned, striped, Ishmael-like, back fence tigers, with every man's hand against them, or the quiet, purring gray creatures of the hearth of our youth. The fashionable ones are the Angora cats, and the finer and the higher the price, of course, the better milady likes them.

The fanciers have sold more than ever before this season, and prices have varied from $10 for a small kitten of doubtful

WAITING FOR DINNER.

points to $40 or $50 for the prize winning beauties of catdom.

Of course, these cats and kittens are not new; they have been known to fame for centuries. But the present fad for them is quite new, and no one need be surprised on entering a fashionable woman's boudoir to see a ball of fluffy cotton on the floor, which, on investigation will resolve itself into a long-haired and long-tailed Angora.

They are not all white; in fact, they are to be had in all the colors and stripes of ordinary cats. The white ones are the most valuable, and the beautiful gray and white come next. Long hair, beautiful eyes, and the fine bushy tails, which sometimes grow to an astonishing size, are the principal characteristics of these fashionable pets. At the Exchange for Woman's Work they have received several requests to hunt up well conducted and pedigreed Angoras, and the new industry seems to be quite thriving.

The cats are very clever. Many of them are used in trick animal troupes, and a great deal can be taught them. As in the matter of pets, here again the white ones are the favorites, being more effective on the stage. A fancier who deals largely in small pets, and especially cats, says he has now several orders for Angoras for exhibition purposes. One man has ordered two, which are now on their way from Paris, and if they, too, prove a success, six more will be imported for the same purpose.

The principal places from which the cats come are London, Paris and different

A LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR.

parts of Germany. Many are raised here, and the kittens are sold when quite young, but they are a risky purchase, being rather difficult to raise. The hair grows longer with time, sometimes growing quite bushy on a cat which lives to a revered old age, 12 years or a little more being the length of life allotted these little pets. But to choose one's favorite for the length and beauty of its hair is an obvious mistake, for it necessarily means less years in which to enjoy its society.—New York Herald.

JESTS FROM JUDGE.

Sinnick—Ruffhead's married.

Whatnott—How do you know?

Sinnick—I saw him walking with a lady the other eve, and he afterward admitted she was his wife.

Bagley—I say, Bailey, lend me a ten, will you?

Bailey—All I've got is a five, Bagley.

Bagley—Thanks, Bailey; you can owe me the other five.

Weary Raggles—Ever read any of Howell's stories?

Wandering Willie—Naw. Never heard tell of him afore.

Weary Raggles—Why, he's the great novelist of all time. His hero is always a feller what does nothin.

Willie—Pa, did Caesar practice polygamy?

Father—No, my boy; what made you think so?

Willie—Because to-day my teacher said that Calphurnia was Caesar's wife, and also that when he got to the Rhine he proposed to Bridget.

Parke, earnestly—I tell you we've got a perfect gem of a servant—the best one we ever had.

Lane—How long have you had her?

Parke—She came this morning.

Major Lusher, to his host for the night—Beautiful sheep'n' 'pariment—hic—m' boy. But why's th' room so confounded large?

Colonel Jagby, with dignity—Thash hygienic prin'ciple 'f thish—hic—room, sir.

Major Lusher—Whash that?

Colonel Jagby—Th' health prin'ple, ole feller' when I come home—hic—full an' fah down I don' hit th' wall. Le's go t' bed.

"Did you stay to the Bible class after church, aunty?"

"No, child. I'm too old to take much interest in those bibulous studies."

Famished Fatheringay—Cum now, Shorty; out wid it! Wat scared yer from asking for a feed w'en yer got up dere ter de gate—do dorg or de tought ux belin' ast ter shuvel off de sidewalk?

Shorty Walker, feeling injured—Neider. I've got eyes, hain't I? Wot's de use uv me lavishin' de lady for a hand-out w'en I see her readin' out uv de paper dat page wot tells "How to live on 25 cents a day."

WHY HE HATES WOMAN.

One Man Makes Out His Case Against the Fair Sex.

A writer in the Westminster Gazette explains the wherefore of his aversion to the feminine sex in the following reasons. I hate woman:

Because she stabs me in the eye with her parasol, offers no apology, and looks as if I did it.

Because she pushes me for a place in the trains and omnibuses, and, being in, never makes any room for any other person.

Because she climbs to the tops of omnibuses, to descend from which demands grace and decency.

Because she thinks the only way to make an omnibus stop is to prod the driver, if she cannot reach the conductor.

Because she mislays her bag, loses her handkerchief, and carries her purse in her hand.

Because she recites, plays violins, and rides bicycles.

Because she walks three in a row upon the pavement, and expects every one else to make way for her.

Because she is "fluent, but not lucid," and more concerned about the number of her facts than the truth of them.

Because, in nine cases out of ten, she can neither sew, nor read aloud, nor make tea.

Because she is always writing letters and wanting me and others to answer them.

Because she is the slave of fashion; and that not only in clothes, but in art, music, manners, religion, flowers, jewelry, language and furniture.

Because she does not value anything simply because it is good (following a fashion set in the days before woman existed), but because it is "worn" or "done" or even "talked about."

SOME ICE PALACES

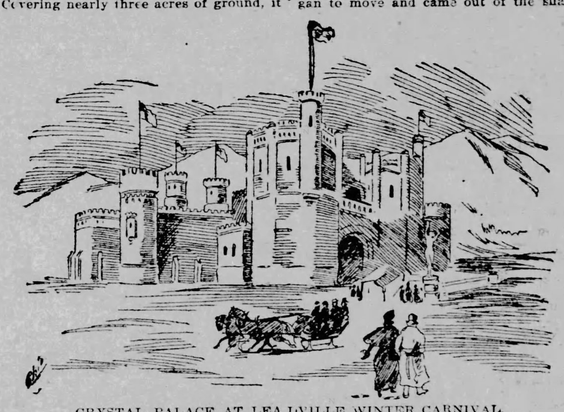
COLORADO CITY HAS THE LARGEST EVER BUILT.

Covers Three Acres of Ground and Required 15,000,000 Pounds of Ice—Brilliantly Illuminated.

The loftiest mining city in the world, Leadville, Col., comes before the public this winter with the well-established claim of having the largest ice palace ever built. The work of construction occupied the full month of December, the laborers working in two shifts, night and day. Toward the completion of the building the force of men numbered over 200. Leadville now offers to her thousands of visitors, from all parts of the United States, at once the greatest ice palace and the grandest scenery in the world. It is built on the summit of the great continental divide, 10,200 feet above tide level, and is reached by the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, which, at Tennessee pass, 25 miles further westward, reaches the greatest altitude of any similar railway on the globe. Leadville rests in the great basin of the Arkansas river, which takes its rise within sight of the city, at the summit of the main range of the Rockies.

Nowhere in the world is there such a background for an ice palace. The glittering castle of the ice king sits on the top of Capitol hill, at the outskirts of the city, commanding from this eminence a grand view of 25 miles of the Arkansas valley. From this central point of vantage the whole basin and the entire city of Leadville is spread before the eye in beautiful panorama.

Leadville's ice palace is nearly three times as large as Montreal's, larger than St. Paul's, greater than St. Petersburg's. Covering nearly three acres of ground, it



CRYSTAL PALACE AT LEADVILLE WINTER CARNIVAL.

extends in its longest dimensions 450 feet, and measures 360 feet across. Its walls of solid ice blocks, each two feet thick, are 35 feet high, ornamented in front by two lofty towers, 40 feet through and 90 feet high, with octagonal sides three and one-half feet thick; and at other angles in the walls are eight round towers, two of them 65 feet in height, and four of them 40 feet. A complete wooden building stands inside the ice walls, with lofty pillars and arched roof, and is intended to remain permanently. The pillars are all incased in solid walls of transparent ice—so clear one can almost read through them—and none of the woodwork is visible to the eye.

A grand staircase of ice leads from the main entrance to the skating rink, which occupies the main part of the interior. This rink, which is of solid ice, has a surface of 15,000 square feet. The ceiling, 35 feet above it, is coated with frost, and long festoons of incandescent lights depend over the glassy surface. One thousand of these lights and 55 are lamps made an immense illumination, increased by the light refracted in rainbow hues from the ice on every side. Calcium and powerful search lights cross their great shafts, and combine to make a scene of unequaled splendor.

A promenade encircles the rink, and the west side of the building is occupied by a grand ballroom of 50 by 80 feet, with walls and ceiling daintily tinted. On the opposite side is an auxiliary ballroom, a banquet hall, cloakroom, and other apartments. The exhibits of the exposition are found in the major towers.

Outside the front entrance stands the figure of Leadville, a statue made of snow and ice, 20 feet high. She wears a crown of electric lights, and points her finger toward the great Carbonate mining camp on the farther side of the city. A score of similar ice statues adorn the interior, representing the mining prospector in different phases of his work, and his ever-faithful and indispensable companion, the burro—or Rocky Mountain canary, as he is facetiously dubbed on account of his melodious voice.

The palace is designed in the Old Norman style of architecture, castellated in contrast to the cathedral-like building at Montreal. It cost $25,000 and required in its construction fifteen million pounds of ice.

The carnival will continue until the end of March, and winter sports will be maintained in unbroken chain. There will be brilliant gatherings, famous skaters, hockey, lacrosse, curling and golf matches, ring tournaments, ice bicycles, Scottish curlers, and other attractions in the ballrooms and in the rink; while outside, snow-shoe clubs and sleighing and toboggan parties will make merry—the climax of the carnival being reached in the storming of the castle with fireworks.

The largest double toboggan slide ever constructed reaches from the ice palace to the main street of the city. It is 1,500 feet in length, carrying visitors with lightning rapidity to and fro. At each end of the toboggan slide are two-story frame buildings equipped with comfortable waiting rooms; and unlike the old-time style of coasting so aptly described by the Chinaman—"Zip!—walkee mile"—the patrons of this exhilarating sport will not have to walk a step. Indeed, in the construction of the ballroom with glass fronts so that the spectators may be warm and comfortable while watching the sport on the rink, and in every department, the comfort and convenience of visitors has been studiously looked after. All Leadville is enthused over the carnival, and there will be no lack of warmth of welcome or of open-handed hospitality, either on the part of Director General Tingley S. Wood—one of the bonanza kings—or any of the inhabitants of the "Queen City of Cloudland."

A Professional Trial.

Doctor—Your wife is in a critical state. I should advise you to call in some specialist to consult on the case.

Husband—I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you would be offended.—Pick-Me-Up.

Always Getting the Best of It.

Little Bess—We're going to play keeping house. I'll be mamma and Willie will be papa. I'd let you be papa, only you treat the dollies so mean.

Little Tommy Harlem—Shucks! I don't care. I'll be janitor!—Puck.

Enterprising.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—Colonel Handy Polk, the real estate dealer, is a very enterprising man, isn't he?

Native—Like—Wal, I should shout! Why, he can make a mountain out of a mole-hill an' then have no trouble in sellin' it to some fool Easterner.—Truth.

The First Domestic Duty.

Emily (playing "house")—Now, I'll be mamma, you'll be papa, and little Ben and Bessie will be our babies.

Willy (after a moment)—Ain't it about time to whip the children?—Puck.

Self Protection.

Weary Watkins—Wot the dickens you carryin' that club for nowadays?

Hungry Higgins—It's leap year, pardner; that's why.—Indianapolis Journal.

A DANGEROUS ANIMAL

Which Is Loose and Often Disturbs Peaceful Citizens.

The Washington Star reporter was making a winter tour of the zoological garden the other day with a friend, and as the two stood looking at the bear den the friend broke into an animal story.

"I had an experience the other night," he said, "which I don't care to have repeated."

"A whale swallow you?" suggested the reporter.

"Thank goodness, I'm no Jonah," he laughed.

"Possibly the bears rushed out of the wood and tore you to pieces?"

"I'm somewhat of a bald headed," he said, taking off his hat in evidence, "but it wasn't bears."

"Then what was it?"

"I'll tell you. I had had a good dinner and after it had gone to my room to read for a couple of hours. I had fixed myself in an easy chair close under a soft-lighted reading lamp, and for an hour had been poring over my book with great pleasure, when I began to have a queer feeling. I couldn't just explain it, but it was that kind of a feeling, you know, when you think somebody is in the room who oughtn't to be there. I looked up and around, but saw nothing at first. In a minute my eyes became accustomed to the shadows, and over in the far corner of the room I saw a pair of glittering, gleaming eyes.

"My first thought was that it was my Maltese tomcat, a fine large fellow, but I saw in a minute that it was something forty times bigger than he was, and my impulse was to fire an inkstand or a paper weight at it, but I thought better of the impulse and concluded to wait for developments. The fact is I felt kind of overpowered, don't you know, and I don't believe I could have mustered energy enough to have thrown anything at the brute. I watched it, though, most intently, and in a very short time it began to move and came out of the shadows towards me. Then I thought it was a St. Bernard dog that had strayed in and been shut up in my room during the day.

"As it came forward slowly, creeping like a cat, the dog delusion was dispelled, and I was at a loss to determine what it was. But it kept creeping up on me, and I simply sat watching it with a strange fascination. I thought of birds, charmed by snakes, and began to appreciate how the little fellows felt, for I tried to make some show of resistence to the thing, but couldn't to save my life. The strain on me was fearful, for I could feel that, and was almost smothered by it. Still the brute kept creeping forward, and when it had reached a point about six feet away from me I noticed it crouch low to the rug, and I braced myself for what was coming, because I knew what was the preliminary to a spring, and I was to be the object on which the animal was to light.

"My suppositions were entirely correct, and on the instant the brute rose like a bird and dropped square on my chest. I expected to be torn and scratched all to pieces, but for some reason it did not bite or scratch, but seemed to be smothering me. Sucking my breath as the children say the cat does. Anyway, the shock of the impact seemed to rouse my dormant physical faculties, and I began to struggle. I could scarcely move at first, but the more effort I made, the greater my strength seemed to be, and, finally, in my struggles I upset the chair, and over we went on the floor, with a jar that shook the whole house, and I awoke."

"Come off," exclaimed the indignant listener. "What the deuce did you tell me that bluff of a yarn for. That was only nightmare."

"Yes," concluded the yarner, "the one dangerous animal everywhere common, and still not mentioned in any natural history that I know of."

OLD GLORY LIVES ON.

How Perpetual Life is Secured for the Capitol Building Flags.

It is a question which no one can answer what becomes of the flags which fly session after session over the two houses of Congress. The life of a flag exposed at such a height to the tattering winds naturally cannot be long. Every now and then, after a storm, a great rent is seen in "Old Glory," as it proclaims from the housetop that our statesmen are deliberating. Sometimes the stripes only are frayed. Sometimes a stripe is gone, or, perhaps, half the stars may be torn away. Then, in a day or two, it flies again with all its stripes and its stars, as if it had never suffered by the storm.

I asked what became of the old flags. Nobody knew.

What do you do with them?

Nothing.

They are the same flags; that is, there are no new ones. The old flags are simply mended. There is a patriotic poem in this. "Old Glory" has a perpetual life; that is, the "Old Glory" that presides over the Capitol. When a stripe blows away, a new one is put in its place, and the same old flag is pulled to the head of the staff. If it is the blue field and stars that is gone, this is reproduced. If only a rent, it is darned, if a hole, it is patched. Then another stripe goes, and a new one is added, the newer standing until the new becomes the old in turn and tears away, and in endless revolution the old flag lives on. It is always the same flag, but from year to year its entire texture is changed, and the small bits are blown away by the winds, and other small bits take their place. There is no graveyard for Old Glory. It has perpetual life. No one can tell when the flag which floats over the Senate was bought. It is still a perfect flag, but no parts of what was first drawn to the masthead is now in existence.—Washington Star.

Her Silk Petticoat.

She was going into one of the big newspaper offices and was intent on making an impression.

She wore a silk-lined gown and she minced along just as airily and fluffily as she could, so that the head man of the place might be impressed with the frou-frou of her silk-lined garments.

When she entered the sanctum he was very busy and she coughed a low, timid little cough. It had no effect and so she pranced toward the desk.

"Excuse me, but——" she murmured. No reply.

"Pardon me, I am——"

"Eh, eh," growled the old gentleman, as he grasped a huge ear trumpet, "a little louder, please. I'm as deaf as an adder."

And the young woman hasn't since tried to make an impression by rustling her silk petticoats.—New York Mercury.

How It Happened.

"So she has succeeded in marrying her daughter to an earl, has she?"

"She has."

"I had no idea that she was a rich woman."

"She isn't."

"Then how did she——"

"My dear sir, she's an experienced bargain hunter."—Chicago Post.

A Costly Price.

He—That was a queer freak of Price's—marrying a woman twice his age. I wonder how it came about? She—Naturally enough. He was without money and she was without Price.—Judge.

Our Serial Story.

THE MYSTERY OF AVENUE D.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BLADE BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IX.

"Of all the mean men I've ever heard of," said Jeff slowly, "that man Latimore seems to me to be a leetle the wust."

"He sartinly wasn't good company for man or beast?" With which comment Old Bill screwed up his face like a man swallowing disagreeable medicine.

"The story you have told us is an answer to much that I was going to ask you, Mrs. Haywood?" Maxwell said. "There is only one or two questions I will ask."

"O, if it will help to show that skunk Latimore up in his true colors, ask as many questions as you please," Jeff replied quickly.

"I will only ask your wife if Al. Latimore ever came there again."

"O yes, often."

"He never was told the story you have just told us."

"No, but he had many ways of knowing that he was a very unwelcome guest."

"Did you ever hear of a Bob Cole?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Haywood after a moment's reflection. "Mrs. Latimore was so shocked that night that she told me all her troubles the next day. You must remember she had no mother. She had to tell her troubles to some one—and who could she trust if she couldn't trust me?"

"That's so," said Jeff simply. "it was the most natural thing in the world for her to turn to Sal."

Old Bill nodded gravely again and again. Certainly it was proper for her to confide in Mrs. Haywood.

"Did Bob Cole ever visit the Latimores when you lived with them?" Maxwell asked.

"Once or twice that I remember," Mrs. Haywood replied.

"Was there any trouble attending these visits?"

"Yes; Mr. Latimore talked to his wife before me. He said he did not want any of her old lovers to come around his house."

"He talked to his wife in that way before you—after that ridiculous scene where he shot the mirror to pieces?"

"Well, Mr. Maxwell—all I've got to say to you is that if I had not seen it myself nobody could make me believe any man could be as jealous as Mr. Latimore was of his wife, and without an atom of cause."

"See here," said Jeff solemnly addressing Maxwell, "if you are hunting proof to show what that fellow Latimore was the meanest dog on this here earth—you've got it from my wife."

"That's about the size of it?" said Old Bill—"Why, he's too mean to talk about."

Maxwell evidently arrived at the same conclusion. He thanked Mrs. Haywood again for her kindness to him and mounted the horse waiting for him at the door of the cabin. Old Bill waived a hand to Jeff's side as they rode away, saying: "You'll hear from me soon—just as soon as we get rid of that critter Easy Jack."

It was a balmy night. Maxwell sniffed the air with a zest that was new to him. The confinement of Jeff's cabin was greater than he realized until mounted on a horse, loping over the billowy ground he inhaled the cool night breeze. The wind was blowing softly. Off in the southern part of the sky he could see a few light fleecy clouds that completed a picture of perfect peace.

The travelers had not gone far when they heard a familiar sound. Other horsemen were abroad on that balmy night. Maxwell listened to the steady hoof-beats as they mounted a fresh slope. Old Bill was inclining his ear also, but he said never a word.

What was that? Faint and far, but clear the sound of a shot was borne to their ears.

"Sounds business-like," said Bill as he turned his head in the direction the sound came from. "Seems to be on the old trail—a bad place for travelers, if they only knew it—which they never do till its too late."

He spurred his horse as he spoke; Maxwell followed him at a gallop. The hoof-beats grew fainter and fainter; at times Maxwell fancied they had passed altogether out of his hearing. In front of him he could hear Old Bill urging his horse faster; then silence reigned.

What had happened to Bill?

Maxwell experienced a strange sensation as he rode on in silence; if anything happened to Bill?—well, Western justice might operate in a way that would cut his career short. Jeff's cabin was miles distant, and pursuers on the jump had very little time to spare. He would have to take his chances.

He urged his horse on faster; it was all he could do; on, on he sped through straggling files of sentinel like mosquites until a copse rose up before him like a mist.

Now he could hear Old Bill thundering along ahead of him once more quite plain as he plunged into the copse. He called once or twice, but no response was borne to his listening ear, and yet there was some satisfaction in listening to the rhtymical hoof-beats in front of him. It was a great deal more comforting than to be lost in a region infested with miserable coyotes and rattlesnakes.

A sharp cry—More through the night air, a bloodcurdling cry. Maxwell rose in his stirrups as it first fell on his ear, then he smiled inwardly cursing the wretched coyote that startled him. The cry was followed by a succession of shrill yelps; these were succeeded by a series of terror-inspiring shrieks; then all was silent again.

No sound broke the stillness of the night air save those made by his own horse; he was all alone; a feeling until then entirely new to Maxwell took possession of him; an eerie feeling that was not quite dispelled until he emerged from the copse. Some wild ducks rising in noisy clamor from a neighboring pool scuttled away; the stars shone down upon him serenely; he caught a glimpse of a distant slope, and now—yes—there could be no doubt about it, once more he heard the sound of horse's hoofs.

But who was the rider? Maxwell asked himself this question seriously. It might make all the difference in the world to him. Was it the rider they had heard before he lost Bill, or was it his traveling companion? At all events it would be as well to proceed with due circumspection.

Maxwell rode on slowly now, straining his ear; the sound of the hoof-beats was distinct; they seemed to be near at hand when they ceased suddenly. Maxwell checked his horse. What did it mean? Did his senses deceive him? Perhaps he was in a locality where nature tricked inexperienced travelers with a series of echoes. It would be very absurd—ridiculous, indeed—if he were a victim to a delusion known to half the men on the plains.

Maxwell sat silent in the shade of a clump of trees, looking and listening for the sound of the phantom horseman that was coming and going, but who never responded to his call, and never "materialized." An owl "hoo-hoo-ed;" Maxwell could hear its wings flapping as it left its coverlet. He looked up. The Dipper was shining bright and clear. The wind was still blowing softly from the south.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the fugitive lights were cloven by a horseman riding at a terrific speed; the horse and rider assumed colossal dimensions in the first instant; in the next instant it had disappeared from view.

Maxwell felt like rubbing his eyes; was he really awake and in his right mind or had the robber's bullet left him in a condition worse than death? He gave his horse his head again in sheer desperation; anything was better than remaining there; a locality infested by phantom riders was unhealthy from any point of view.

He was well out of the fringe of the copse and fog when he heard a shot. The sound was sharp and clear; it seemed to be near at hand. Maxwell rode in the direction of the sound; it occurred to him that the shot might be fired by Old Bill as a means of attracting his attention. The surmise proved correct. A below him in plain view now.

horseman was cantering along the slope.

As Maxwell approached him Bill called out, "Hello, that you?"

"It's Maxwell," he replied as he hastened forward at a gallop, resolved not to loose sight of Bill again that night.

"Great Jehosaphat! What have you been doing all this time? Couldn't you keep track of me? I've been lookin' round for you seems an awful time? Were you lost? Must got plum off the old trail."

"Did you hear me calling you?" Maxwell retorted pettishly.

"Nary call. But I called you.

"Did you see a man on a big horse?"

"Where? When?"

"Just before you fired."

"Did you see a man on a horse?"

"As plain as I see you."

"Which way was he goin'?"

"He was going in the other direction—going like the wind."

"That's strange," said Bill musingly.

"Tell me," said Maxwell, "is there a peculiarity about this region—echoes—do sounds repeat themselves?" Maxwell added hurriedly. He was conscious that Bill was scrutinizing him in the dark.

"I'm blamed if I know what you are driving at," Bill answered. Whereupon Maxwell explained at length. Old Bill pondered as they rode on side by side.

"You said them sounds just come and went; stopped off all at once, then come fresh again?"

"I thought it was your horse half the time," Maxwell replied.

"Then that fellow on a horse passed you on a dead gallop?"

"Now I think of it, he passed me without making any sound. Yes; that was the surprising part of it; he sprung into view all at once out of the fog and was gone like a flash."

"I guess it's a bad business all 'round," said Bill slowly, "we'd better get along—like as not we're too late to do any good. However, I think I understand it now. He muffled his horse's hoofs."

"He? Who?"

"That man that passed you."

"But I heard them plainly two or three times," said Maxwell testily.

"All right; maybe you did and maybe you didn't; maybe you was listenin' to mine sometimes; it was altogether owin' to where you were; out past the trees, or 'round the slope; sound carries curus out here, you'll find by and by."

"What do you mean by muffling his horse?"

"Don't you catch on?" Old Bill asked in a tone indicating surprise. "Why, I'll bet ther's been hell to pay with the coach from Bulger—that's what I mean. And the fellow that passed you was in it; like as not he did it all himself. And now I think of it, I'll bet it's that infernal devil, Easy Jack, again!"

Bill spurred his horse; Maxwell rode beside him neck and neck; one thought animated both. If indeed the coach had been held up, possibly they might be in time to render some service to the victims of the road agents.

"Just as I thought," exclaimed Bill as they plunged down into a thicket over whose tops they could discern the top of a coach. Bill was the first to reach it. When Maxwell, imitating Bill, dismounted and approached the coach, he was shocked by the spectacle presented.

The coach from Bulger's Flat was drawn off on one side of the road; the mail bags, slit wide open, close at hand. The driver lay on the broad of his back his eyes, glazed in death, staring wide open in a horrible manner. The look or horror on the dead man's face impressed Maxwell, who had looked upon thousands of dead men on the battlefield strangely. The ends of the traces hung loosely; they had been severed at one blow evidently. There were long, deep marks where the horses pawing the ground before their mad flight cut the yielding earth in grooves. Papers were strewn all over the ground. Bill pointed to a pool of blood on the opposite side of the road.

"Somebody else got it here, too; see," Maxwell saw and shuddered as he looked.

"Gutted the whole outfit, by ——!" Old Bill stamped his heel down on the ground in his rage."

CHAPTER X.—HUNTING A DEVIL.

"The sun was rising when they reached Cripple Creek. As the level rays slanted through the dewy grass Bill rose in his stirrups and gave a "halloa" that woke the echoes.

"I want them to know somebody's comin'. Judgin' from the signs they haven't heard the news," said Bill, speaking to himself rather than to his companion. But Bill erred. The evil tidings were borne to Cripple Creek long before they reached the town.

The victims of the second "hold up" in one week were relating their experiences to a crowd in the leading hotel when Maxwell and Bill joined the group. A knot of miners were gathered around one man in a corner of the room. The listeners were deeply interested in this man's narrative. Something in his tones arrested Maxwell's attention.

"For downright cheek—for pure grit, gentlemen, I must say I never saw his equal." The traveler laughed as he added, "I don't pretend to be brave; neither am I a coward; but when he held my hands behind, and tied me, I shivered; one look did the business; why, gentlemen, I'd no more thought of resistance after that look than I have of going to Mars—or any other planet. He froze me and there was the driver lying dead right before us—not a gentle reminder by any means."

"Hadn't nobody a gun—in the whole crowd?" one listener asked.

"There were three guns—tendered to him as politely as their owners could hand them over—and one of these guns belonged to me." The traveler laughed again.

"The first shot was enough for me gentlemen; but the second—O! that was a cold-blooded business—the fellow's pistol went off as he was tossing it down—there couldn't be any mistake about that the poor fellow's teeth were chattering like castenets, but the road agent had to teach him a lesson—gave him the choice of having his brains blowed out or losing one or two teeth. So he made him open his mouth—and bang! there went his teeth, and he had the biggest mouth you ever saw on a man—some of you have seen him."

"That's what makes it dead sure," said another listener, "nobody but Easy Jack would ever do such dirty things with a man he had in his power."

Maxwell made his way through the group.

"Great Scott! You here!" Alexander exclaimed as he stretched out a hand. "Glad to meet you again. You see I am not in the best trim—some of these Colorado receptions are—well—just a trifle too warm for me. My last was a little the warmest in my somewhat varied experience."

"Maxwell can sympathize with you," said Old Bill at that moment. Alexander slapped him on the back saying, "A fellow feeling, eh!"

"Yes," said Bill, "Maxwell's fellow hit him on the head. Just a trifle more, and you two wouldn't be quite so chipper now."

Alexander bared Maxwell's head, replaced his hat in silence, then bowing to an imaginary audience said, "The smallest favors are thankfully received, gentlemen of the road." As the crowd looked at him curiously, he added, "But there is one favor I will ask of you; I prefer an Eastern hair cut every time."

Then, to employ Old Bill's language, the crowd "saw it," there was a roar of laughter, and Alexander was voted "a tip top fellow and no mistake; a man who could take his medicine like a man!"

The robbery of the Bulger coach, following so closely upon that of the coach from Colorado Springs, created intense excitement. The feeling was stronger than previous public manifestations because the attendant circumstances were of a nature that excited the disgust of the whole community. Public sentiment was expressed by Old Bill in a few terse sentences.

The crowd had gathered in front of the hotel; Old Bill, who was the center of a knot of miners said in deliberate tones, and in a manner that indicated that he realized that he was speaking for the crowd:

"As I sum it up, it's a black eye, this is, to Colorado. It don't sound none too invitin' for to hear about people bein' held up in the night, an' in broad daylight. It's bad enough to be cleaned out by an enterprisin' road agent, to find yourself in a strange place with no money in your pocket. It's ten times wuss though for a man to get a hole bored in him, or to get his brains blowed out. There ain't no glamor like they said there was when Robin Hood just bored from the rich man and gave it to the poor; strangers comin' into Colorado an' seein' traces cut, horses gone, and dead men lyin' on the ground are excusable if they experience a sort of chilly feelin'—I would, I know. I don't mind the thievin' so much as the low-down orneriness of the devils that kills men without givin' them any show whatever—that's what rides me."

"Now you've struck it Bill," exclaimed a loud-voiced miner.

"Bill's head's level every time," said another.

There was a murmur of assent; it rippled through the crowd in waves. Maxwell and Alexander standing a little apart noted the effect of Bill's speech upon the men nearest them.

"Well," Bill added as he looked over the crowd, "what are you going to do about it?" Tother day a passel of us went out to do something; and we had the sheriff with us. And just because none of us could find anything of Easy Jack and them that's with him in his devilment, why they all come back and gave it up. Now, I put it to you; is that any way to go about it?"

"No, it ain't, Bill."

"That's Jim Stacey—if you agree with me Jim, why don't you join me and not strike a lick of work till we've run Easy Jack out of Colorado?"

"I'm with you right now," Jim answered. A score more echoed Jim's answer.

"All right gentlemen," Bill said in loud tones, then raising his voice, "it's understood now, this ere's going to be a vigilant committee—a permanent committee—that's what it will be—else I won't have nothing to do with it."

The crowd gave a cheer for Old Bill and the "starch" committee.

"This looks business like," said Alexander. "That old fellow is right; unless they put a stop to it there will be less Paradise tobacco in Colorado, and they will pay a good deal more for it."

"I thought you were a commercial traveler," Maxwell replied. "But I was not quite sure."

"That's my line. I can return the compliment with interest. I'll be hanged if I can form any better idea of your business now than when we met in the cab."

Maxwell surveyed his chance acquaintance with renewed interest. Possibly he might prove useful to him. He bore scrutiny. One thing was in his favor. Maxwell had remarked the fact that the men that turned a jest when other men were finding fault and grumbling as a rule were pers'vering, and very often courageous. The fact was first impressed upon him in the army; afterwards he made a note of it. The result was that he had a strong preference for men who made light of the trifles of life; they could always be relied upon in an emergency.

"I will be equally frank with you," he replied, "but not here—some other time."

The crowd in front of the hotel were now talking; there were numerous suggestions, every man had an idea that burdened him; the various plans submitted to rid the country of Easy Jack differed widely in their scope. Some were utterly impracticable; others were so absurd as to subject the originators to ridicule.

Finally Jim Stacey solved the knotty problem. Jim raised his voice (a strong voice it was) commanding silence.

"Boys, if anything's going to be done, it can't be done without a captain. Here's Ben Hipple he got disgusted before because everybody was captain. And here's Old Bill—they're both good enough for me to follow. Let them study out a plan—then all we've got to do is follow. That's my idea of the way to carry on this permanent s'arch Bill talks about."

The crowd took to the suggestion kindly; soon two knots of resolute men were gathered around Ben Hipple and Old Bill.

The indications were bad for the road agent that held up the coach from Bulger's Flat and murdered the driver.

Presently Bill crossed his neck in Maxwell's direction, beckoning to him. The travelling acquaintances approached him together.

"I want you; you seem to have a pretty good idea of the chap we are after; if he is the same fellow that held up the coach from Bulger's Flat it's worth something to know it. We want to be dead sure—'twill save us a heap of trouble maybe. But it may take us some time—things can't be done in a minute. Can you stay by us—that's the point?"

"I regret to say," Maxwell began, when Alexander interrupted him.

"I am willing to devote a day or two to this business, Maxwell. What do you say? Unless your business is very urgent—"

"It is not that so much," Maxwell replied. "But it will not suit me to get beyond the mining regions already developed. I must remain where the miners are."

"Well, I hain't no more idea what your business is than the man in the moon, Mr. Maxwell," Bill responded, "nor I don't want to know it, but as

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the re-liability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The Gold Exports.

J. P. E., Golden: What The Blade did say, and which has been proved true, was that the repeal of the Sherman law would check the export of gold and restore confidence in financial circles, and stop the "lock-up" of money. That result followed. The export of gold is to pay trade balances, and our financial legislation is not responsible for that. It is due to the democratic tariff law, which has enormously increased our imports, while not helping our exports. We buy abroad more than we sell abroad, and the balance must be paid in gold. The remedy for that is a protective tariff law.

Kaffir Corn.

The many persons who have written to us to ask where to buy Kaffir corn are requested to turn to the fifth page of this paper, and read the advertisements.

Therein we offer the corn to our subscribers at cost price to us, in the hope that a great many will give it a trial this season. As our old subscribers know, The Blade is in the habit of making offers like this, by which they save each year more than the cost of their subscription.

Naval Strength—Coast Defenses.

J. P., Vancouver, Wash., asks: "What is the strength and number of men-of-war England has, and how many have the United States? Also, the navies of Russia, France and Germany? And I would like to know what kind of guns we have on our forts."

It would take too much space to go into details of the number of vessels of the many different kinds and armament of each. The following table will give you the relative strength of all the civilized powers. Considering that the number 100 represents the naval strength of the entire world, the following table gives the relative strength of each nation at this time—the beginning of 1896:

Relative Standing.	Nation.	Value in terms of Standard
1	Great Britain	37.5
2	France	22.5
3	Russia	20.0
4	Italy	10.0
5	United States	9.8
6	Germany	4.6
7	Spain	4.4
8	Japan	3.4
9	Austria	2.6
10	Netherlands	1.5
11	Turkey	1.4
12	Norway and Sweden	1.3
13	Argentina	1.2
14	Brazil	1.0
15	Denmark	0.6
16	Greece	0.2
17	Chile	0.1
18	Portugal	0.0
19	China	0.0

As to land fortifications, the nature of the new armament placed in them is a secret, carefully guarded by the war department. The works at Sandy Hook (Fort Hancock) and on Staten and Long Island are mounted with heavy modern guns on disappearing carriages. The gun is lifted high enough to fire, and the recoil causes it to sink where it will be perfectly safe to reload. These are formidable new fortifications at San Francisco, also.

Your Populist friends need not be so cowardly. In case of war with Great Britain, we would acquit ourselves nobly. In 1812 we had practically no coast defenses, while England was absolute mistress of the seas, yet we beat her in a naval war. It is a question whether coast defenses are of any value whatever. While it is true our navy is smaller and lighter than that of England, the ships are swifter and our guns are superior to hers. Our cruiser could pour a few shots into the English ships from a long distance and run away and circle about heavy warships of the enemy, firing and firing, and eventually destroying them from a distance. The cruisers would be able to keep the enemy so far from the cities that they could do them little if any damage.

Meaning of Slang Terms.

E. G. S., Livermore, Cal.: The phrase, "not worth a continental," originated in the years immediately following the Revolution. The paper currency (similar to the greenbacks of to-day) was called "continental money," because issued by authority of the Continental Congress. It depreciated in value until it became worthless. To say "not worth a continental" meant not worth anything at all.

The word "kodak," applied to a hand camera, is an invented word, made up to serve as a trademark. It was originated by the Eastman company, which first put kodaks on the market.

We are unable to explain the origin of "coon," as applied to a negro. If any reader has an explanation with authority, we will be glad to have it.

Bonds Below Par.

H. Mc., Toledo, O.: United States bonds of all issues have been above par since 1868. The 6 per cent bonds, due in 1881, were 91¾ in 1863; the next year they went above par, and kept above until paid. The 5-20's were at 98 and 99 in 1865, and above par after that until refunded. The 5 per cent 10-40's ranged from 92⅝ to 104 from 1864 to 1867, and were above par after that until refunded. All later issues have always been above par.

Our Trade Balance.

W. M. C., Princeton, N. J.: The balance of merchandise trade of the United States, from 1873 to the present, is given below, they are the official figures. Understand, however, they do not include the imports or exports of gold, nor the payment of interest on dividends on American securities held abroad. These are for the fiscal years, ending on June 30 of the years named:

	Excess of Exports.	Excess of Imports.
1873		$119,656,000
1874	$ 18,875,698	
1875		19,562,725
1876	79,643,481	
1877	151,152,034	
1878	257,814,234	
1879	261,601,026	
1880	167,683,912	
1881	259,712,718	
1882	25,002,685	
1883	100,658,188	
1884	72,814,916	
1885	104,092,426	
1886	44,088,494	
1887	23,863,443	
1888		28,002,607
1889		2,730,277
1890	68,518,275	
1891	39,564,614	
1892	202,873,086	
1893		18,735,728
1894	237,145,950	
1895	75,068,200	

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

H. C. M., Endicott, W. Va.: Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, the third daughter and sixth child of Rev. Lyman Beecher. One of her brothers was the noted Henry Ward Beecher. Miss Beecher married Rev. Calvin Ellis Stowe, in January, 1836. From her earliest childhood she was the enemy of slavery. Her husband was Professor of Sacred Literature in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati. During her residence in that city Mrs. Stowe frequently visited the slave states, and acquired a minute knowledge of Southern life under the slave system. Fugitive slaves were often harbored in her house, and aided to reach Canada by herself and husband. In 1850 the family removed to Brunswick, Maine, where Dr. Stowe accepted a professorship at Bowdoin College. There she wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin." In 1852 they removed to Andover, Mass. Nearly 500,000 copies of the book were published. In 1853, owing to her poor health, she made a trip to Europe. She has been a voluminous writer, and is still living at an advanced age.

The Indian Territory.

J. F. P., Poole, W. Va.: The Indian Territory is made up of reservations, occupied by the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws, Chickasaws, and remnants of smaller tribes. All of these, except the Seminoles, possess each a written constitution and code of laws. The tribes possess lands, as wards of the United States, and are amenable for their usual conduct to the judicial districts of Kansas and Arkansas, to which the Territory belongs for judicial purposes.

Finding Gold.

H. A. M., Clarendon, Ark.: There is no indication at the surface of gold or silver deposits unless the rock bearing them comes to the surface, or gold is found in creeks and rivers. There is no "rod," "dipping needle," or other device which will reveal the presence of gold or silver. We know such things are advertised, but the fakirs and the people advertising them are swindlers.

Two Full Moons a Month.

P. S., Busby, Kan., asks: "In what year was there two full moons in one month before December, 1895?"

April, 1893, had two full moons—on the 1st and the 30th; also January, 1893—on the 2d and 31st.

Newspaper Law.

M. C. W., Pedlar, W. Va., asks: "A subscribed for a paper and paid one year in advance. When the year was up the publisher still sent the paper, without the subscriber's orders, and without notifying the same that the year was up. Is there any law for the publisher to make the person receiving the paper pay for the same?"

It is not the publisher's duty to notify the subscriber when the year is up. It is the latter's business. If the subscriber did not want the paper any longer, he had simply to refuse to take it out of the postoffice; to notify the postmaster, whose duty it then becomes to inform the publisher, that he may stop sending it. But if the subscriber takes the paper from the office, the publisher can sue him and recover the subscription, for as long as he takes it out of the office.

The Blade never bothers its subscribers in that way. No paper is sent unless paid for in advance. The little red tag, containing the subscriber's address, gives also the date to which it is paid, and when that date arrives, the name is dropped, unless the subscriber renews.

Rare Coins, Etc.

C. L. J., Cates, Ind.: The coin of which you send us a rubbing, is a silver, is a Spanish peso, or 8-real piece. It is the coin which was taken as the basis of our silver dollar in 1792. Its actual worth is about 50 cents now. We do not know the premiums paid on old foreign coins.

A. C., Somerset, Ill., writes: "I have a round piece of silver. It is a little smaller, thicker and heavier in weight than a dollar. Picture of a queen with the marked 'Victoria Regina.' On the side, on the other an army officer evidently negotiating with the enemy. Above them 'To the Army of the Punjab.' Beneath them 'MDCCCXLIX.' On the side, 'Chas. Jepson, 53d Foot.' Please tell me what it is."

It is a silver medal, given to the man named, a British soldier, for meritorious service in India in 1849. "Victoria Regina" means "Victoria the Queen."

C. F. C., Beloit, Kan.: We are very weary of printing, over and over, the facts about the quarter of 1853. In that year, the dies were changed by putting an arrow-head on each side of the date. A few quarters were made in 1853 without the arrow-heads, and all the rest of the year's coinage had them. A good specimen of the quarter of 1853, WITHOUT arrow-heads, is worth $3; with the arrows, they bear no premium.

Currency Certificates.

F. T. C., Loretta, S. D., asks: "Will you kindly explain what is meant by treasury notes and by currency certificates? By the United States treasurer's report I find that he reports a certain amount of treasury notes and currency certificates in circulation. What are they, and upon what are they based?"

Treasury notes include the greenbacks and the Treasury notes of 1890, which were issued to pay for silver bullion bought under the Sherman act. They are simply the government's promissory notes.

Banks find it inconvenient to handle large sums of money in small notes. Hence, under the law, any one can deposit "currency"—that is, Treasury notes and national bank notes—in the Treasury and obtain therefor currency certificates, which are receivable for all deposits of $1,000. $5,000 or $10,000 of currency, just as "gold certificates" are certificates of deposit of gold coin in the Treasury, or "silver certificates" are certificates of deposit of silver dollars.

Tax on Circulation.

W. W., Parsons, Kan.: National banks pay a tax of 1 per cent per year on their circulation to the national government. This tax is to pay for the expense of engraving and printing the notes, which are done by the government as a safeguard. All banks changed into fat, thus weakening the organ. A sudden shock might possibly cause a rupture; but it would more likely occur from a fall, or a severe blow over the heart.

When persons die suddenly of over-excitement, whether from joy or grief, death is usually caused by apoplexy, which is the rupture of an artery in the brain.

Origin of "Uncle Sam."

M. M. B., Cherryville, N. C.: The term "Uncle Sam," meaning the United States, arose in this way: Samuel Wilson, a contractor during the war of 1812, had an ignorant workman in his employ who was curious to know what "U. S." which was stamped upon the packages by United States inspectors, stood for. He was told that it was for "Uncle Sam Wilson," and, as he believed it, the joke traveled, and "Uncle Sam" became a synonym for the United States government.

Internal revenue officials now in office will hold their places until the next President appoints other men.

"Fort" and "Fortress."

H. C., Martz, Ind., writes: "In changing the masculine gender to the feminine (in such words as actor, actress), we add ess. In speaking of a fort, the strongest fort is always called a fortress, as 'Fortress Monroe.' Now tell me why this is."

"Fortress" is not the feminine of "fort." Fort is derived directly from the Latin word fortis, strong; but fortress is derived fro mthe French word forteresse, meaning the strongest fort.

Central America.

E. A. K., Milwaukee, Wis.: To get information regarding the Central American countries, apply to their consuls in this country, not to ours there. Write to Hon. Lamar C. Quintero, Consul General of Costa Rica, New Orleans, La.; or Senor Julio Novella, Consul General of Guatemala, New Orleans; or Senor Jose M. Aguirre, consul of Honduras, New Orleans; or Hon Henry Cardwell Potter, consul of Nicaragua, Philadelphia, Pa.; or Senor J. C. Blume y Carbocha, consul of Salvador, Boston, Mass.

Pension Questions.

Immediately, Hillsdale, Mich., asks: "Can a deserter from the civil war get a pension now?"

No, certainly not.

H. Y. S., Waldron, Ill., writes: "We have had quite a dispute here about your answer to B. W. H., Dover Co., Del., in Bureau of Weekly Blade of February 6. In your answer to B. W. H. you say: 'Unfortunately, there is no way to make a pensioner use his pension money for the use of his wife and family, if he wastes it in drink. It cannot be helped.' Allow me to say that we can and do help it here. I have in mind one or two old soldiers who used to spend almost all their pension money for drink, but now and for several years past they have not been able to get a cent of it to spend for whisky. A conservator appointed by the court, draws their pension money and expends it for the benefit of wife and family. Maybe this arrangement would not work, or is not the law in Colorado, but it can and does work here in Illinois. I cannot help believing that you are in error in saying that 'it cannot be helped.' It can be helped, and will be helped here until the law is changed or declared by higher courts to be unconstitutional."

The question we answered was as to whether there was any provision of the pension laws which covered the point. Our reply covered this query correctly. There is none.

We are glad to know that Illinois has such a law, and wish that every state had the same. It should be a general statute, covering the cases of all persons, whether pensioners or not, who are confirmed drunkards, and who waste their incomes in drink. It should provide for the appointment of a conservator or guardian in such cases. We thank H. Y. S. for his letter.

Revenue and Gold.

O. L. C., Ligonier, Ind., asks: "In the Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of January 30 you say that the McKinley law furnished enough revenue, if that is true, why did Secretary Foster order the printing of bonds, taking into consideration that at the time the McKinley law was enacted there was a large surplus? Please explain."

First, read the answer in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of February 6, headed "The Bond Issues," in which we give the facts regarding Secretary Foster.

It would not matter how much the revenues were in excess. That would not replenish the gold reserve, unless the duties were paid in gold, which they are not. Read the editorial headed "Where is the Weak Spot?" on 4th page of Weekly Blade of January 16. Then read the answer elsewhere in this week's Bureau, headed "The Treasury Gold."

An Old Catch Question.

H. F. K., Browning, Mo., asks: "What Vice-President took the oath of office two days before the President?"

Though this is one of the catch-questions in Barnes's United States school history, yet we don't think it ever happened. No Vice-Presidential term begins officially until March 4; all the Presidents except Washington (the first time) were inaugurated on March 4 or 5, except those who succeeded to the Presidency by the death of the incumbent; and where a Vice-President so succeeds, the Vice-Presidency remains vacant for the remainder of the term. Washington was inaugurated the first time on April 30, 1789, and John Adams took the oath of office of Vice-President on June 3 following. Washington's second inauguration was on March 4, 1793, and Adams took the oath on December 3 following. Hence no Vice-President took the oath two days before the President.

Miscellaneous.

"P. W. D.," La Belle, Mo.: Consult a physician. He can inform you.

M. E. L., Salem, Mo.: We never heard of the order, and hence do not know.

N. H. M., White Plains, Ala.: Sorry, but we do not know the postoffice address.

F. M. P., Olaton, Ky.: A pump at your house will not lift water 60 feet. It will not raise it over 30 feet. Put a force pump at the spring, and force the water to the house.

D. A. K., Attica, Mich.: We have no way of knowing his address.

G. W. V., Goodyear, Pa.: The sweet pea plant is not poisonous.

C. T., Sandford, Ind.: We published it in Old Favorites last year, and can not repeat it.

H. D. H., Princeton, Ill.: Write to the "Register of the United States Land Office, Des Moines, Ia."

F. E. W., Onalaska, Wis.: A live fish in a tub of water weighs just as much as it would dead, on the scales.

J. M. H., Van Buren, Ind.: Call on some well-informed doctor. He will take pleasure in giving you a list of the leading medical colleges.

E. G., Patricksburg, Ind.: Cripple Creek is the name of a locality not many miles from Denver, Colo., where there are many gold mines. Probably the one you mention is there, but we do not know.

H. N. W. Coventryville, N. Y.: Cedar is universally used for lead pencils because the texture of the wood admits of easy sharpening, and the maintenance of a fine point; the wood can be whittled down so as to support the point without splitting off. The inventor of the common lead pencil is not known.

W. W., Gaylord, Mich.: To go to the Alaskan gold fields you would need at least $500 in cash before starting. You would have to go to San Francisco and take a steamer from there. The $500 would take you to the gold fields; after that you would have to take your chances of making a living.

A Firm Foundation

The Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla Rest Upon the Solid Basis of

Rich Red Blood

That is Why the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are CURES.

That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla positively does cure the severest cases of Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all other blood diseases, even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

That is Why the testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are real solid facts, and will stand the closest investigation.

That is Why the people have confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and know that whatever appears in its advertising is strictly true.

That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla is recognized by all as the standard

The testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla mean something. They tell of things worth telling.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made. Just read this testimonial, bearing the impress of sincerity and truth:

"I have been a great sufferer for nearly two years but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla, I am now quite well. When I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 65 pounds, now I weigh 112 pounds. In October, 1892, I had a long run of fever and pneumonia, after which an abscess formed on my left shoulder. After being lanced, the sore discharged freely and continued to run some four weeks before healing. I then commenced to have pains in my right side near the liver. After suffering

Untold Agony

for fourteen weeks, I again had an operation performed and for nearly a year afterward there was a considerable discharge daily. After trying different medicines and paying out large sums of money to different doctors, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking the fifth bottle, the abscesses were nearly healed, and one more bottle

Completed the Cure.

I continued and am now taking the fifth bottle, and can say this wonderful change is all due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I would recommend it to all suffering from any blood disease. My stomach is stronger and my digestion is good." EUGENE PARSLOW, N. Blenheim, N. Y.

Spring Medicine

That is Why it overcomes That Tired Feeling, gives energy in place of exhaustion, life instead of languor.

That is Why the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla have increased year after year, while other preparations of less merit have come, held a little temporary favor and are heard of no more.

That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla requires for its production the largest Laboratory in the world.

That is Why it is a true nerve tonic, cures nervousness by feeding the nerves upon pure blood, and builds up all the organs and tissues of the body.

That is Why it is the preparation for you to take, as you undoubtedly need a good Spring Medicine.

That is Why

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the Public Eye. Be sure to get Hood's.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

Against Human Nature, by Maria Louise Pool, has the charm that belongs to the stories of this author, the delicate little touches that give the key to her characters far better than pages of description. Although is instantly recognized as true to New England life, quaint and peculiar, but honest and true to the very core. Her journey southward to seek the daughter of her old lover, the meeting in that far-away country, which seemed so strange to the quiet woman; the shock of finding everything so different from what she expected—these descriptions are full of mingled humor and pathos. Temple Crawford, the heroine, interests the reader at once. Her impassioned nature which has been so uncontrolled, carries her into many difficulties, which are described with strong, vivid coloring. The story has strength and the plot is well developed to a happy culmination. Harper & Brothers, New York city, are the publishers.

A Daughter of Humanity, by Edgar Maurice Smith, is a novel written with a purpose, and that purpose the author declares to be to illustrate, in a small degree, the trials and temptations that the average working girl in a large city is forced to suffer—silently and without sympathy. It is a protest against the small pay which shop girls receive, not sufficient to enable them to live in decency, not to say comfort. There is in it a rebuke of the methods of some of the societies organized supposedly to benefit those who need their ministrations, but in which the delays caused by red tape and conservatism hinder the very thing which ought to be accomplished. The story is interesting from first to last. The style is, in some places, somewhat crude, but that is atoned for by the evident earnestness of the author whose object is the one thing he has kept in view. The book is published by the Arena company, Boston.

A Gentleman Vagabond is a delightful book of sketches, the theme of which is suggested in the title, and in this paragraph in the author's Introductory Note: "There are gentlemen vagabonds and vagabond gentlemen. Here and there one finds a vagabond pure and simple, and once in a lifetime one meets a gentleman simple and pure." Some one of these several types is selected and entangled in the threads of each story, and it is left to the reader to group them as suits his own experience among men. The writer is F. Hopkinson Smith, and the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

People We Pass is from the pen of Julian Ralph and gives real pictures of a region few readers of books ever see—the tenements of New York. It will surprise many to learn how much of the better passions and motives of human life are to be found where the uninitiated is apt to think only evil exists. Harper & Brothers are the publishers.

The Desire of the Moth, by Gopel Vane, is an English society novel in which the old, old story is told again of the marriage of a fair young girl to a man of twice her age, whom she leaves as a father with no conception of a deeper feeling. Then comes the awakening, and, after many struggles, an elopement, which ends in sadness. The book is well written and, will hold the reader. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Successors to the Title, by Mrs. L. B. Walford, is another English story, one in which two happy young people with but little money but a great capacity for enjoyment, suddenly find themselves transformed into the heads of a great estate to which the husband has fallen heir. Their efforts to accommodate themselves to their new circumstances, their mistakes and their final success, makes an amusing story. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

The Red Republic is another story of the Paris Commune of 1871. If it is an accurate narrative in every particular, then those first months following the capture of Paris by the Prussians and their evacuation were more hideous than most writers have told. Perhaps this is because it is given in more minute detail as to persons and localities and events. To read, for instance, that a person has been murdered is one thing, while it is quite a different and more hideous thing to be told every detail as to the personality of the victim, the instrument of death employed and the wound that killed. The impression is left by this book that it was written rather for purposes of thrilling and astounding the reader than for the purpose to assist the compilation of an accurate history of a terrible time in the affairs of Paris. Robert W. Chambers is the author and the volume is from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

The Land of Promise, from the pen of Paul Bourget, is an exceedingly interesting book, both for the romance of the story and for the social problem involved. This problem is of a most serious nature, and Bourget treats it seriously and a serious tone to the story based upon it, and no reader seeking amusement need expect to find it within these covers. It is not one of those entertaining novels with a religious principle involved, out of which you can cast the religion and feast on the story. The problem and the narrative go hand in hand, and if you are at all interested in the latter you are silently studying the former. The publisher is F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great, which won such success last year, is to be followed by another series, the first of which has been issued recently. This is a visit to the home of Emerson and George William Curtis, and was a contribution to the Homes of American Authors, published by the Putnams in 1853. It is printed now as originally written, and is a pleasant beginning of the new series, which is to be edited by Mr. Hubbard. Of this he writes in his introduction:

"They are gone—writer and subject—gone. The dust of Emerson rests in 'Sleepy Hollow;' a granite boulder marks the spot. He died in 1882; Curtis followed ten years later. But their works live after them: for beautiful lines and great thoughts endure. They make the sweet minor chord in the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world. Curtis was in his twenty-ninth year when he wrote this words, and we feel that he was then in the

Talmage's Sermon.

AMERICA, FROM END TO END, SHALL BE THE LORD'S.

Dr. Talmage Foretells the Evangelization of This Land and Recommends Beginning at Washington.

Washington, Feb. 10.—The audience of Dr. Talmage is thronged with the chief men of the nation, and people from all parts, making this sermon most timely. An hour and a half before the doors open the people gather in the street, and policemen keep the way open for the pew-holders. The text chosen for Sunday's discourse was: Luke xxiv. 47, "Beginning at Jerusalem."

"There it is," said the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, concentrated with temple and palace and radiance, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat, or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Banners of it had rolled through. Battering-rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel or plumb-line measured its first wall, or royalty swung its first scepter. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom, Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great national heart whose throb sends life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to his disciples, when he ordered them to start on the work of Gospelization, beginning at Jerusalem, it seems to me God says now, in his providence, to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America, beginning at Washington." America is going to be, then for God, if you do not believe it, take your hat now and leave, and give room to some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives, and he is able to do as he will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highands of the Neversink to the Golden Horn, from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ will walk every lake, whether bestormed or placid, and he transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glaciers, shall be filled with angelic overture of "Glory to God and good-will to men."

Again and again does the old Book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God—the greater includes the lesser, that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by his consecrated people, it will be taken for Apollon? The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it can not be a drawn battle. It is coming, the Armageddon! Either the American Sabbath will perish, and the nation be handed over to Herods, and Hildebrands, and Diocletians, and Neros of baleful power, and Alcoholism will reign, seated upon piled-up throne of beer barrels, his mouth foaming with all domestic and national curse, and crime will fit its unhindered knife of assassination, and rattle keys of worse burglary, and our cities be turned into Sodoms, waiting for the Almighty tempests of fire and brimstone, and one tidal wave of abomination will surge across the continent, or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity, and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of opponents, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of heaven, shall walk through the land, and Christ reign over this nation either in person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of heaven. It will be one or the other, by the throne of him who liveth forever and ever, I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as he always does—blessed be his glorious name!—I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

William the Conqueror ordered the curfew, the custom of ringing the bell at midnight, at which all the fires on the hearths were to be banked, and all the lights extinguished, and all the people retire to their pillows. I pray God that the curfew of this country may not be sounded, and the fires banked, and the lights extinguished, as the clock strikes the midnight hour that divides the nineteenth century, until this beloved land, which was to most of us a cradle and which will be to most of us a grave, shall come into the full possession of him who is so glorious that William the Conqueror could not be compared to him, even the one who rideth forth, "conquering and to conquer."

Why would it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington"? First, because this city is on the border between the North and the South. It is neither Northern nor Southern. It commingles the two styles of population. It is not only right, but beautiful, that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the Alabamian speaks of his orange grove! And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you know what he comes from the land of the Adamses—Samuel, and John, and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or an Ohioan whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the Southern or Northern State of Presidents? If a man does not like his native clime, it is because while he lived there he did not behave well. The local esteem in which he lives in his locality and its political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the North and the other toward the South, and a mighty work of grace starting here would greatly help in the awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go and worship the God of Nathan, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the pentecostal three thousands." It has often been said that the only way the North and South will be brought into complete accord is to have war with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict, you will wait until all this generation is dead, and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which about forty million Northerners and Southerners shall be on the same side, and shoulder to shoulder. In the excitement of such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either Northern or Southern. This is neither, or, rather, it is both.

Again it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace strated here, because more representative men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get into the Senate and House of Representatives or other important places who are fitted for the positions in neither head nor heart; but this is exceptional and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the National Legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York, and Massachusetts had men in Senate or House of Representatives who would meandlin and staggering drunk across those high places. Never nobler group of men sat in Senate or House of Representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. So in all departments of official position, with here and there an exception, are to-day the brainiest men and most honorable men of America. Now, suppose the Holy Ghost power should fall upon this city, and these men from all parts of America should suddenly become pronounced for Christ! Do you say the effect would be electrical? More than that: it would be omnipotent! Do you say that such learned and eloquent men are not brought under religious influence? That shows that you have not observed what has been going on. Commodore Foote representing the navy; General Grant and Robert E. Lee, representing the Northern and Southern armies; Chief Justice Chase, representing the Supreme court; the Frelinghuysens, Theodore and Frederick, representing the United States Senate; William Pennington, and scores of others, representing the House of Representatives, have surrendered to that gospel, which before this winter is out, will, in this capital of American nations, if we are faithful in our prayers and exertions, turn into the kingdom of God men of national and international power, their tongues of eloquence becoming the tongues of fire in another pentecost.

There are on yonder hill those who by the grace of God will become John Knoxes, and Chrysostoms, and Pendlons, and Bourdeleaus, when once regenerated. There is an illusion I have heard in prayer meetings and heard in pulpits, that a soul is a soul—one soul worth as much as another. I deny it. The soul of a man who can bring a thousand or ten thousand other souls into the kingdom of God, is worth a thousand times or ten thousand times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and heaven than in any other part of the nation, because it would reach all the states, cities, and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital.

Some of us remember 1857, when, at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which 50,000 men were converted in different states of the Union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church. I picked up an old book a few days ago and was startled, and thrilled, and enchanted to read these words, written at that time by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper. He wrote: "The First Presbyterian church can scarce contain the people. Requests are daily preferred for an interest in the prayers offered, and the reading of these forms one of the tenderest and most effective features of the meetings. Particular pains are taken to disclaim and exclude everything like sectarian feeling. General astonishment is felt at the unexpected rapidity with which the work has thus far proceeded, and we are beginning to anticipate the necessity of opening another church. Why, my hearers not have that again, and more than that? There are many thousands more of inhabitants now than then. Besides that, since then the telephone, with its semi-omnipresence, and the swift cable car, for assembling the people. I believe that the mightiest revival of religion that this city has ever seen is yet to come, and the earth will tremble from Capitoline Hill to the boundaries on all sides with the footsteps of God as he comes to awaken and pardon, and save these great populations. People of Washington, meet us next Thursday night at half-past seven o'clock, to pray for this coming of the Holy Ghost—not for a Pentecostal 3,000 that I have referred to, but 30,000. Such a fire as that would kindle a light that would be seen from the sledges crunching through the snows of Labrador to the Caribbean Sea, where the whirlwinds are born. Let our cry be that of Habakkuk, the blank verse poet of the Bible: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years made known; in wrath remember mercy." Let the battle cry be, Washington for God! the United States for God! America for God! the world for God! We are all tired of skirmishing. Let us bring on a general engagement. We are tired of fishing with hook and line. With one sweep of the gospel net let us take in many thousands. This vast work must begin somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the rallying cry, why may not I, one of the Lord's servants? By providential arrangement, I am every week in sermonic communication with every city, town, and neighborhood of this country, and I now give the watchword to North, and South, and East, and West. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentance and faith, this call to a continental awakening.

This generation will soon be out of sight. Where are the mighty men of the past who trod your Pennsylvania avenue and spake in yonder national legislature, and decided the stupendous questions of the supreme judicatory? Ask the sleepers in the Congressional cemetery. Ask the mausoleums all over the land. Their tongues are speechless, their eyes closed, their arms folded, their opportunities gone, their destiny fixed. How soon time prorogues parliaments, and adjourns senates, and disbands cabinets, and empties pulpits, and dismisses generations! What we would do we must do quickly or not do at all. I call upon people who cannot come forth from their sick beds to implore the heavens in our behalf from their midnight pillows, and I call upon the aged who cannot, even by the help of their staff, enter the churches to spend their last days on earth in supplicating the salvation of this nation, and I call upon all men and women who have been in furnaces of trouble, as was Shadrach, and among lions, as was Daniel, and in dungeons of trouble, as was Jeremiah, to join in the prayer, and let the church of God everywhere lay hold of the almighty arm that moves nations. Then Senators of the United States will announce to the State legislatures that sent them there, and members of the House of Representatives will report to the Congressional districts that elected them, and the many thousands of men and women now here engaged in the many departments of the national service will write home, telling all sections of our country that the Lord is here, and that he is on the march for the redemption of America. Hallelujah! the Lord is coming! I hear the rumbling of his chariot wheels. I feel on my cheeks the breath of the white horses that draw the Victor! I see the flash of his lanterns through the long night of the world's sin and sorrow! We want in this country only one great awakening, such as other centuries have seen of God's workings; as in the reformation of the sixteenth century when Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon led on; as in the awakening of the seventeenth century, when Bunyan, and Favel, and Baxter led on; as in the awakening of the eighteenth century, when Tennant, and Edwards, and the Wesleys led on; as in the awakening of 1857, led on by Matthew Simpson, the seraphic Methodist, and Bishop Mactlvaine, the apostolic Episcopalian and Albert Barnes, the consecrated Presbyterian, and others just as good, in all denominations. Oh, will not some of these glorious souls of the past come down and help us?

Come down off your thrones, Nettleton, and Finney, and Daniel Baker, and Edward Payson, and Truman Osborne, and Earle, and Knapp, and Inskip, and Archibald Alexander—that Alexander the Great of the Presbyterian churches. Come down! How can you rest up there when the world is dying for lack of the gospel. Come down and agonize with us in prayer. Come down and help us breach in our pulpits. Come down and inspire our courage and faith. Heaven can get along without you better than we can. But more than all (and overwhelmed with reverent emotion we ask it) come, thou of the deeply-dyed in garments of Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of thy strength, mighty to save! Lord God of Joshua! Let the sun of this century stand still above Gibeon and the moon above the valley of Ajalon until we can white out the hosts of hell, tumbling them down the precipices as the other five kings went over the rocks of Bethhoron. Ha! Ha! It will so surely be done that I cannot restrain the laugh of triumph.

From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic, to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific, this country will be Emanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington; if we have the faith and holy push and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinnock, when he said, "It is a doleful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit; but, oh, how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit."

That was an all-suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "Lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with Whitefield sealed all his letters: "We seek the stars." Lord God! Wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached, and it was said that men fell before the word like slacked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergymen, to the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old-fashioned revival of religion, but on a vaster scale, so that the world will be compelled to say, as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion!" But remember there is a human side as well as a Divine side of a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called a "raising," the neighbors gathering together to lift the heavy frame for a new house, after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could not hoist it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to rettle back. The boss-carpenter shouted, "Lift men, or die! All together! Yo-heave!" With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on all the time their strength lessening. The wives, and mothers, and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss-carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands, and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss-carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted, "Now! Altogether! Lift or die! Yo-heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood-vessels, the great beam went to its place, and a wild huzza was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts. More Christian men to help, aye, more Christian women to reinforce. If the work fail, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and Women of God! Lift or die! The top stone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do his part, are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of upheaval.

And now I would like to see this hour which I have never seen, but hope to see,—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors, enter the door of mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly-married folks consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as time. Young man, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and in the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Oh, what news to tell, what news to relate to your old father and mother, what news to telegraph your friends on the other side of the mountains, what news with which to thrill your loved ones in heaven! It was of such news that a man read in a noonday meeting in Philadelphia. He arose, and unrolling a manuscript, read:

Where'er we meet, we always say
What's the news? what's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news? what's the news?
Oh! I have got good news to tell;
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,
That's the news! that's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That's the news! that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
That's the news! that's the news.

The Lord has pardoned all my sins—
That's the news! that's the news!
I feel a witness now within—
That's the news! that's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! that's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you, too—
That's the news! that's the news!
Your sinful hearts he can renew—
That's the news! that's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! that's the news!

And now, if any one should say,
What's the news? what's the news?
Oh, tell him you've begun to pray—
That's the news! that's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land,
That's the news! that's the news!

A ROUNDABOUT WAY

Of Working a More or Less Unsuspecting Victim.

A Washington Star Reporter says he was standing in front of an uptown hotel the other evening when he was approached by a party who had evidently seen better days, although it could be seen that he was not yet quite on the bottom round of the ladder. He was of the shabby genteel order, and might have been a man waiting for an office, or just an ordinary type that never worries much over what he is going to eat so long as he can get plenty to drink. He engaged the reporter in a desultory sort of conversation for a few minutes, then became rather confidential.

"Will you," he said, quite mysteriously, "step into the nearest place and have something with me? I have a matter I'd like to talk to you about."

"Hum," hesitated the reporter, "the nearest place is the hotel office, and there is nothing there except water, a liquid by the way, which is entirely too wet for such chilly weather."

The reporter was rather pleased at this sally, because he thought he had thrown the applicant off the track, but he was mistaken.

"What a pity," replied the genteel one. "Really, I think Washington hotels are lacking in accommodations, don't you?"

"We might go to some more distant point," suggested the reporter, with a smile, and interested in knowing how it was going to come out.

"I hadn't thought of that," laughed the shabby genteel; "of course, we can go. I know a place right around the corner."

"Do they know you?" ventured the reporter.

The face of the shabby genteel fell almost to the ground before he caught it.

"Yes," was all he said, but there was a thousand times more than that in the tone.

"That will be all right," the reporter hastened to assure him. "I'll go you one for luck."

The shabby genteel could not be too grateful, and within two minutes he was on the outside of a hot toddy and was feeling good all over.

"By the way," he said, toying with his empty glass as if he wished it weren't empty, "what I wanted to ask was something about poker playing."

"Well, what was it?"

"Did you ever trump your partner's ace?"

"Many times."

"Did you ever open a full house with a jack pot?"

"Often."

"Did you ever beat a royal flush with a lone hand?"

"Quite Frequently."

The face of the shabby genteel was growing clouded.

"Did you ever," he said, "hold five aces and draw for three pair?"

"A dozen times in one evening, I should say."

"Did you ever bluff with a right bower?"

"Often."

The shabby genteel was getting nervous, and let go of his empty glass.

"Did you ever," he asked, hopelessly, "go it alone on a pair of deuces?"

"More times than I can count," and the reporter looked like an old sport who had been through the mill.

The shabby genteel was desperate.

"Say," he said, letting a little ray of hope come into his eyes, "did you ever play a game of poker?"

"Never in my life," replied the reporter, giving a fine imitation of a man adhering strictly to the truth.

The shabby genteel grabbed his empty glass and thumped it on the counter emphatically.

"Shake," he exclaimed, extending his hand; "shake, my dear friend, on behalf of a restored confidence. I was afraid you were going to say you were a poker player, and under the circumstances I should have been compelled to have called you a liar from Baltimore and refused absolutely to have taken another drink with you. Now it is entirely different, and I feel that it is a pleasure and an honor, sir," and he shoved his glass toward the barkeeper, and the reporter nodded in the same direction, in response to the barkeeper's anxious look of inquiry.

The Time for Building

Up the system is at this season. The cold weather has made unusual drains upon the vital forces. The blood has become impoverished and impure, and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great builder, because it is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with all who use them. All druggists. 25c.

CULLED FROM PUCK.

Congressman Bloodgood (being interviewed)—This country shall never be trampled upon whilst I have a voice to raise in protest. War! War! War! I say war! That's what we want!

The Reporter—Yes; I shall send your patriotic sentiments broadcast throughout this country. Is it true that you expect to enlarge your canned meats and army supplies factory shortly?

He—Just think, even three weeks ago I didn't dream that she and I would be engaged.

She—I did, but at that time I was her only confidant.

"I heard Senator Lodge make a speech in the Senate the other day and twist the British lion's tail."

"What did you think about it?"

"I thought: "'Oh, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!'"

Mrs. Scrapleigh (during the fight)—Now, have I made myself plain?

Mr. Scrapleigh—No, you were born that way.

Friend (coming up as the unfortunate skater crowls out of the icy waters)—What's the matter; did you break into an air hole?

Unfortunate Skater (angrily, through his chattering teeth)—I hole be hanged! Do I look as if I had broken into a hole full of air? Can't you see that I am drenched to the hide?

She (after the theatre party)—If you will remain just a little longer I will have some refreshments served.

He—Pray, don't bother! You know when a man's in love he has no appetite.

She—Then you can watch me eat.

Old Party (sadly)—My poor man, why do I always find you hanging around this saloon?

Ribulous Bill—I can't help meself, Mister. It's the only one in town.

New Cure for Kidneys and Bladder.

We are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism, that the new botanic discovery Alkavis, is pronounced a positive cure for these maladies. Many of its cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth ave., New York, who will send you treatment free by mail postpaid. It costs you nothing.

How to Stop That Crying.

To keep babies from crying an ingenious device is resorted to in India. The moment a child begins to cry its mother places her hand over its mouth and nips its nose, so that it cannot breathe. Then it is allowed to breathe freely again, but should it make use of the opportunity to again set up a howl, it is at once suppressed in the same way. This is repeatedly the baby imagines that the painful stoppage of the breath is caused by its own effort to scream, and so is careful to keep quiet.—Weekly Telegraph.

He Held the Medals.

First Cyclist—Do you see that gentleman yonder? He holds the largest number of prizes and medals ever possessed by any one man.

Second Ditto—What? that fellow? He doesn't look a bit like a champion.

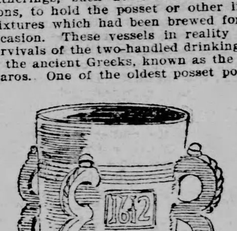
First Ditto—It is just as I tell you, though. He is a pawnbroker, you see.—Centralblatt fur Radsport.

LOVING CUPS.

RENEWED INTEREST IN THE FAMOUS OLD DRINKING VESSELS.

How the Loving Cup Was Invented—Puzzle Cups—Some Successful American Reproductions.

For upward of three centuries "loving cups," in one form or another, have been used in England and other parts of Europe by the peasantry, says the New York Sun, and have received a large share of attention from the enterprising potter. At first the multi-handled drinking vessels were known, at least in Great Britain, as "tygs," or "posset pots," and the earlier examples were embellished with names, dates, and often with inscriptions of a convivial character. They were provided with an indefinite number of handles, varying from two to eight, and were brought out at social gatherings, such as Christmas celebrations, to hold the posset or other liquid mixtures which had been brewed for the occasion. These vessels in reality were survivals of the two-handled drinking cup of the ancient Greeks, known as the kantharos. One of the oldest posset pots in



"TYG."
(In the Liverpool Museum Collection.

existence, believed to have been made about 1580, is preserved in the Liverpool Museum, on which appears the name of its maker, Richard Meir, while an ancient tyg in the same collection, bears the date of its fabrication, 1612. Quaint and curious are the rhymes which serve to ornament other examples of these bacchanalian relics. On one occurs this wholesome advice:

Drink to live and live to die,
That you may live eternally.

On another early example (date 1651) we find the following:

Break me not, I pray, in your haste,
For I to none will give destast.

The old English potter was usually not particular about his spelling, but occasionally we find an inscription alike creditable to his scholarship and his gallantry, as in this, which occurs upon a tyg:

Come, good woman, drink of the best,
You, my lady, and all the rest.

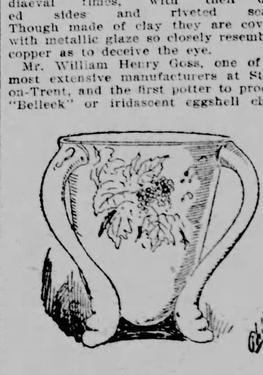
In the United States the tyg does not seem to have flourished, yet a two-handled puzzle mug, bearing date 1809, has been recently discovered in Bucks county, Pa., where it was made, in the year indicated, by one Peter Kline, who had a brick yard in that section during the early part of the present century. This interesting and perhaps unique ex-

WILLIAM PENN CUP.

ample of American ware is large and clumsy, of common brick clay, with incised ornamentation, an eagle and shield with scroll containing the word "Liberty," and projecting knobs around the rim, through one of which the contents could be drawn by the drinker without spilling, on the principle of the older English mugs of the same character.

The loving cup of the present day is a modification of the ancient tyg, and is designed rather for ornament than utility. The revival of ancient forms has brought this into vogue during the past few years, and many of the larger potteries in England are now producing three-handled cups in shape and ornamentation more or less suggestive of the ancient patterns. The Doulton Works at Lambeth have recently turned out some quaint old forms, some of them in close imitation of the rude metal beakers of mediaeval times, with their dented sides and riveted seams. Though made of clay they are covered with metallic glaze so closely resembling copper as to deceive the eye.

Mr. William Henry Goss, one of the most extensive manufacturers at Stoke-on-Trent, and the first potter to produce "Belleek" or iridascent eggshell china,



LOVING CUP.
Rookwood Pottery.

has also recently prepared a series of loving cups embellished with the arms of Queen Elizabeth, Henry of Navarre, and Shakespeare, which are beautiful examples of the plasti art. He has also, at the suggestion of a friend in the United States, used the insignia of the Sons of the Revolution as a decorative motive, for the benefit of some of his American patrons. The origin of the loving cup is given in this tradition:

As King Henry V. of England was riding through the forest one day he chanced to come upon a wayside inn, and, being thirsty, called for a drink. A serving maid appeared at the door with a cup of wine which she handed awkwardly to the royal visitor by the single handle, and the King was forced to take it in both his hands, thereby soiling his gloves. When he returned home he was determined that such a mishap should not occur again, so he ordered a suitable mug to be made with two handles, which he sent to the inn with instructions that it was to be filled for him when he next called. Happening soon after to be in the neighborhood he stopped at the inn and called for a drink. What was his chagrin when the same maid appeared grasping in her hands the two handles of the mug, and a second time he was compelled to receive it in this awkward fashion. The next year he ordered another mug to be made for him with three handles, which proved a successful solution of the problem. Thus is said to have originated the loving cup, and ever since it has been provided with three handles, no longer, however, for the benefit of ambidextrous barmaids, but for the good fellowship which its use is supposed to promote.

It is only within the past year or so that American potters have turned their attention to the production of these attractive forms. Some of the Trenton manufacturers have already originated some graceful designs with appropriate decorations in blue, after the Delft style, now so popular. Mr. Charles Volkmar, at his new Corona, N. Y., establishment, has modelled a graceful cup decorated in this style between the three handles with portrait of William Penn, the Penn cottage in Philadelphia, and the Penn coat of arms. At the Rookwood Pottery, Cincinnati, loving cups, among other designs, are now being produced, with artistic underglaze paintings and the characteristic heavy glazing of that factory. The forms, as well as the decorations of the pieces made at these works, are original and exceedingly artistic, and as the work is done by hand the patterns are never duplicated. The body is made of the finest pottery clays and burned so hard that it nearly approaches stoneware, but before burning it is shaved on a turning lathe until the walls are quite thin, and when finished the weight is considerably less than that of ordinary stoneware. The plain and gracefully curving surfaces of Rookwood ware, generally devoid of relief ornamentation, are particularly well adapted to receive

LOVING CUP.
Rookwood Pottery.

the artistic treatment of the best ceramic painters. Each painted design is a veritable work of art and is worthy of reproduction on tile or canvas. And when this receives its tinting of variegated hues, and its coating of heavy, brilliant glaze, it becomes a thing of beauty, unsurpassed in pottery products for simplicity and elegance. Portraits of actual persons, and ideal heads, among other subjects, are executed in natural colors on the clay by the best artists that can be procured, and when one of these pieces is broken in the kiln, as often happens, the painstaking work of an entire day, or perhaps of several days, is lost.

Among the handsomest designs produced at Rookwood are the beer sets and loving cups. The former consist of a pitcher or jug with six mugs, embellished with paintings of beer drinkers, cavaliers, monkeys in ludicrous attitudes, or representations of the hop vine, the somnolent poppy, or the narcotic weed. The latter are decorated with character sketches, heads of jack-o'-lanterns, bibulous monks or simple floral designs. Two of the Rookwood loving cups are here shown. The first is the quaint tripod cup with handles terminating in feet, on which it stands. The second is plain and rich in its lines, with no attempt at ornamentation save an elaborately painted head of an ancient mariner. But the greatest charm of the ware lies in its heavy transparent glaze of yellowish hue, through which the painting is seen against a tinted ground of blending reds, olives and yellows.

The cups, "tygs, posset pots," or "wassail cups," of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have given place to the modern loving cup, and the home-brewed liquor, composed of hot ale, spices, milk and sugar, has been superseded by the "fish-house punch" of the present day. Yet it is but a step from the sentiment incised on an old English tyg bearing date 1819 to that which is engraved on the capacious loving cup of the Clover Club of Philadelphia. On the one we read:

Long may we live happy, may we be
Blest with content and from misfortune free.

On the other:

When we live we live in clover,
When we die we die all over.

And this motto of the Clover Club has attained a national celebrity through the popular banquets, where most of the prominent men of the country have met in good fellowship and drunk from the cup as it passed around the board. Here the loving cup has proved a leveller of rank, religion and politics. Each one grasps a handle and touches his lips to the rim is for the time on an equal footing with his distinguished neighbors. And this is the mission of the modern loving cup.

SETTLED THE BILL.

A Hotel Keeper That Preferred to Pay an Intended Suicide's Fare.

Suicides are never wanted by hotel proprietors. Each one costs a hotel a considerable amount of money, and for months the room in which it occurred is shunned. At one of the leading hotels of this city, says the Washington Star, lately a guest acted strangely, and the proprietor made up his mind that the man was going to do something desperate. One night he went to the guest's room. There was no answer to his knocks. A look over the transom showed the guest writing a letter, a pistol at one side and a bottle of poison at the other.

"Let me in or I'll break open the door," called the landlord.

The door was opened after a little hurried work disposing of the things on the table.

"I don't want any suiciding here," said the landlord, entering. "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Out of money, out of work, and can't get out of town," sullenly said the guest.

"Well, how much cash will you take and agree to get out of town?" asked the hotel man.

"I could get home for $20," was the reply.

"Here's the money; now pack your grip and take the first train."

The man went. It was a good business transaction for the landlord.

You'll find her smiling night and day,
Although at times she is not gay.
And should you wonder why you meet
This constant smile, regard her teeth.
She only laughs those gems to show.
Which SOZODONT makes white as snow.

SLIGHTED GIFTS OF ROYALTY.

Queen Victoria's Etchings Auctioned Off—Royal Belongings in Pawnshops.

It must be rather distressing to royalty to see the small value set upon the gifts which it is in the habit of distributing among its friends and followers, says Pearson's Weekly. These gifts are constantly being converted into cash in a most public and open manner, without the slightest delicacy of restraint, thus: At a great public auction recently held in London there was a valuable gold-mounted and jewelled cane, which had belonged to the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and had been presented to him by the Prince of Wales as a token of friendship and regard.

It was put the other day that a number of very charming etchings, made by the Queen and the late Prince Consort forty-five years ago, were put up for auction at Dublin. They had been presented by her Majesty and her husband to one of her former ladies-in-waiting, on whose death they were offered for sale by the heirs.

The shop windows of one of the great pawnbrokers at Berlin were filled some months ago with an entire collection of valuable watches, snuff-boxes adorned with gems, articles of jewelry, etc., all presented by various sovereigns and royal personages to the late Count Tasone, minister of the household to the King of Italy, and pledged without being redeemed by his scapegrace son, who, until the other day, was a secretary of the Italian embassy at Berlin.

Cure Consumption and lung troubles

TO THE EDITOR:—I have a reliable remedy for Consumption and all Lung Diseases; also for Loss of Flesh and all Conditions of Wasting. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been PERMANENTLY CURED. So proof-positive am I of its power, that to increase its usefulness and make known its great merits, I propose to SEND TWO BOTTLES FREE to any reader who will write me their Express and Postoffice address. Sincerely,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C.,
183 Pearl St., New York.

When writing the Doctor, please state you read his letter in this paper and oblige—THE EDITOR.

This is the CUPID hair pin. It has a double set of spiral curves and will not slip out of the hair. It is made by Richardson & De-Long Bros., manufacturers of the famous DeLONG HOOK and EYE.

The Sunday School.

Faith Encouraged.

LESSON VIII, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

Golden Text: Thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace. Luke 8: 48.

(Luke 8: 43-55. Memory verses: 48-50.)

Read Luke 8: 1-56.

43. And a woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any,

44. Came behind him, and touched the border of his garment: and immediately her issue of blood stanched.

45. And Jesus said, Who touched me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with Him said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?

46. And Jesus said, Somebody touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me.

47. And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately.

48. And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.

49. While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

50. But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.

51. And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden.

52. And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.

53. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

54. And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise.

55. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway: and he commanded to give her meat.

Illustrative Applications.

Twelve years (v. 43). Twelve years of hopeless sickness are as a lifetime of endurance. Yet here is the record of one who was evidently not a sinner above others who was a sufferer above many. Because one is called to such a trial as this, let it not, however, be said or thought that one is under God's displeasure, or is not loved of God. But here is a woman's prolonged endurance of suffering, she would never have had the place which is hers in the gospel story. Who supposes that she now regrets her twelve years of trial?

Touched the border of his garment (v. 44). It was not the border of his garment, nor yet the touch of it, that brought the desired cure. Jesus himself gave the cure; the faith that prompted the touch secured to the sufferer the cure from Jesus. It is not the work of Jesus that saves. He himself is the Saviour. Faith in Jesus as the Saviour, shown in the simplest way, secures salvation from him to the sinner who desires it. A faith-filled touch of the border of his garment is a call on him for help that will never be unheeded.

Jesus said, Who is it that touched me? (v. 45). The Lord's interest is in the individual in the crowd, rather than in the crowd of individuals. He who is the same yesterday and to-day and forever, as he turns himself to the family, or to the class, or to the school, or to the congregation, or to the community, has, as it were, his whole thought centered on one individual in that gathering, as he asks the question, Who touched me? or, Who rejects me?

I perceived that power had gone forth from me (v. 46). It costs something to do good, no matter how or to whom it is done. One can never really help another without some cost to himself. If we would be of any service in this world, we must consent to spend and be spent in that service. It is folly for us to hope that we can accomplish anything for anybody without some sacrifice and outlay on our part. And if any one does anything for us, we may be sure that it cost him something to do it. The freest gifts of earth are costly gifts to the giver. This truth ought never to be forgotten by the recipient.

He said, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace (v. 48). It was a good thing to gain cure of bodily disease through a clandestine touch of Jesus. It was a better thing to gain communion with Jesus, and to secure his words of comfort, through falling down before him and telling him all the truth. The hope of salvation is not all that a sinner ought to long for; it is not all that he can have. Yet it is all that a great many sinners dare to think of as possible in their case. Present peace—peace in the life that now is—ought to be the possession of every sinner who counts on salvation for the life that is to come.

Fear not; only believe (v. 50). Fear not because of what you see of danger. Only believe because of what you know of Him to whom you have come in your trouble. Fear comes from sight. Rest of mind comes from trust in Him who sees what you cannot see and who tells you not to fear. Matters not how much you see in the line of barriers to hope. All you have to do is to look away from the seen, fixing your confidence on Him who controls the seen and unseen. To the loving disciple of Jesus the cheering call comes, in the face of difficulties, of discouragements of temptations to despair, and of death itself, "Fear not; only believe."

They laughed him to scorn; knowing that she was dead (v. 53). It is a great misfortune to know so much as to be unwilling to trust beyond one's knowledge. Knowledge with faith is a help toward the highest truth. Knowledge without faith hinders progress toward truth. The man who is ready to laugh to scorn a suggestion of results beyond his present knowledge is incapable of the highest attainment in knowledge. He stands with his back to the light, and his overconfidence in the knowledge he has is a barrier to his increase in knowledge.

After spirit restored (v. 55). Immediately; and he commanded that something be given her to eat (v. 55). Raising the dead is a miracle. Keeping alive the living is an eminently practical matter. The one is done all at once, by the exercise of divine power; the other must be attended to little by little, in the use of human means. Yet the lesser work is no less important in its place than the greater, and in both cases the work is in the line of God's loving plans. In the spiritual life it is

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

KAFFIR CORN.

So many subscribers of The Blade have written to ask us where to obtain Kaffir corn,—they wishing to plant some for experimental purposes—that we have arranged to furnish it to subscribers, on the terms mentioned in the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue.

There is no money in this offer for us. We do not desire any profit out of it. It is done merely to benefit those of our subscribers who wish to try this new forage plant, which is so highly commended. The Blade's old subscribers know that we are constantly making offers of this kind, for their benefit, which save them more than the cost of subscription. We trust a goodly number of our farmer subscribers will try Kaffir corn, and report their experience with it in The Blade's columns.

OUR BATTLE PICTURES.

Do not fail to read our offer of splendid battle pictures for renewals or new subscriptions to the Weekly Blade. It will be found in the "Publishers' Column," the first thing on the fifth page.

NOTICE particularly that this offer is ONLY to those who send us $1 for a subscription or renewal, after this date.

The pictures are splendid. They are fine enough to ornament the walls of the most magnificent private residence. They are all reproductions of oil paintings, are large in size, and accurate in historic detail. Read the offer carefully, and avail yourself of it.

EXCELLENT SEEDS FREE.

On the fifth page of this issue will be found an offer of garden seeds to the subscribers of the Weekly Blade, of which we believe thousands will be glad to avail themselves. Read it carefully, for you get the best quality of seeds actually free of cost.

REMEMBER—This offer is open only to those who remit $1 for subscription or renewal, after this date.

We publish the offer early, because a great many subscribers renew during February, and will probably be glad to avail themselves of this. The seeds will not spoil by having them on hand until planting time.

The seeds have been grown in Minnesota, and hence the plants will be hardy and strong in any climate. No reader of The Blade in the United States lives in so cold a region that these seeds will not give full satisfaction. Per contra, those living further south, and hence in a warmer climate, will find these seeds most excellent. They will produce more vigorous plants than seeds grown in warmer latitudes. Read the offer carefully. You never had a better opportunity to get first-class seeds. It pays to get the best seeds of the best varieties, for the yield is larger and the product better.

THE NEW LOAN.

The $100,000,000 of 4 per cent bonds offered by the government have been awarded. The Morgan syndicate gets $3,211,250, and the other bidders $66,788,850. The most of the bonds awarded to Morgan will be paid for in gold imported from Europe; the other bidders will obtain their gold from the supply in this country.

The Morgan bid was 110.6877—that is, the syndicate will pay $110.6877 for every $100 in bonds. All bids below this figure were rejected, and the other successful bids were slightly higher than it. The average premium on the whole loan will be about 111. The advantage to the government of advertising for bids, instead of making a contract with a syndicate, can be seen from the fact that Morgan and his syndicate hoped to get at the figure they paid for the last issue—104¾. The government thus makes nearly $7,000,000 by the popular loan method.

Excluding the Morgan bid, which was for the whole or any part of the issue, the total of bids from New York city was about $200,000,000; from the remainder of the country, over $300,000,000; from Europe, $50,000,000.

It is a question whether there will not be some withdrawals of gold from the Treasury, on the part of home bidders, to pay for their allotment of bonds. There really should not be, for there is plenty of gold in the country. The following table, giving the amounts of money, of different kinds, in the Treasury and in circulation on February 1, will be interesting in this connection:

	In Treasury.	In Circulation.
Gold coin	$ 84,225,410	$ 460,262,088
Standard silver dol		
lar	366,659,953	56,629,676
Subsidiary silver..	14,186,737	64,387,139
Gold certificates ..	121,140	49,847,853
Silver certificates..	14,380,165	331,614,358
Treas. notes, Act July 14, 1890....	27,103,095	110,221,185
U. S. notes.....	100,335,176	245,745,841
Currency certificates, Act June 8, 1892.....	320,000	28,925,000
Nat'l bank notes..	10,360,650	253,086,807
Total	$618,351,335	$1,580,720,607

Now, if the Senate would drop its crusade for free silver—which is absolutely inexcusable, because it is impossible that any free coinage measure shall become a law during the present Congress, and this is acknowledged by the silver Senators themselves—and go to work to settle our finances on a business basis, the necessity of any further bond issues would be obviated. As it is, another issue will come next fall, in all probability.

John Hays Hammond, the American engineer, who was one of the leading spirits in the Jameson raid, has been liberated, his punishment being only a fine and banishment from the Transvaal. This shows the generous leniency of President Kruger. Our State Department interested itself in Hammond as far as it could consistently go. It did not request his liberation on the ground of his being an American citizen, but simply asked that he should have a fair trial. American citizenship should not protect a man from punishment for his misdeeds when he sells his republican principles as well as his professional services.

The chief business before the Democratic national convention ought to be to ascertain what Cleveland has done with the party.

THE "DISPENSARY" PLAN.

The report of the state liquor commission of South Carolina for 1895 is a suggestive document. The local dispensaries sold liquor to the value of $1,076,963.95, on which the towns and counties netted a profit of $166,131.28. The profits to the state itself were $133,467.77 on sales to the local dispensaries amounting to $963,055.63. The report claims an additional outstanding profit for the state for the period under review of $25,571.85, making a total profit to the state for eleven months of $159,039.62.

The profits of the towns and counties on retail sales were almost exactly 10 per cent, while the state's profits on wholesale dealings were about 16 per cent. The total profits to the state since the dispensary system went into operation July 1, 1893, to December 31, 1895, a period of two and a half years, are placed at $243,816.57, an average of a little less than $100,000 a year. Those who are interested in the liquor problem will find much food for thought in these figures.

The advantage of the license plan of regulating the liquor traffic has always been that it lightens the burden of taxation. The sums paid by the saloons into the revenues of city, county or state, diminish the amount to be raised by taxation just that much. The average tax-payer generally reasons that if men are such fools as to spend money for liquor, they ought to be made to pay for it—and it is evident, of course, that the license is paid by the drinking men.

Furthermore, it is plain that the persistency of the saloon element, its defiance of the Sunday laws, of the early closing laws, of all regulations, or its constant evasion of them wherever possible, arises from the element of gain. The more liquor that is sold, the more money the saloon keeper makes. So the saloon element is a huge figure in politics, especially in the cities, because thereby it can defeat legislation against the saloons, and often secure immunity for the evasion of the law.

The dispensary plan combines the advantages of the license system with that of destroying the saloon as a private money-making institution. The state furnishes the liquor, and sells it through its agents. The latter are on salary, so there is no inducement to extend sales. The state takes all the profit, in place of only a license fee. These two points are strong ones in favor of the South Carolina plan. It will pay all friends of temperance to watch the progress of the experiment with the dispensary in that state, for it has good and practical points about it. The entire abolition of private gain from saloon keeping is the best one; for if the way is barred to any one who chooses making money by running a saloon, a deadly blow is dealt to the saloon as a political factor, and a great advance is made in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

SECTARIAN APPROPRIATIONS.

The defeat of the appropriation bill for the District of Columbia in the House of Representatives on February 5 was the first time in the history of Congress that a general appropriation bill has been defeated. The reason for this is of interest to the nation.

The District of Columbia is governed directly by Congress, and not through a district or territorial legislature. One-half the expenses of the District are paid by the taxes raised, the other half from the national treasury. Congress specifies, in the appropriation bill, the purposes for which the sums set apart shall be used.

The bill this year, as in the past, contained items for various charitable institutions under the management of private corporations and controlled by different churches. Representative Hainer, of Nebraska, opposed certain of these. The institutions were the Washington Foundling asylum, a Presbyterian institution; the Temporary Home for Disabled Soldiers; the German Hospital; the Church Orphanage of St. John's, an Episcopal charity; the Home for Destitute Colored Women; and four Catholic institutions.

Mr. Hainer's efforts were successful in having the items for the Episcopalian and Catholic institutions stricken out of the bill in committee of the Whole. No roll-call can be had in that committee; but when the bill came up for passage, and every member was obliged to go on record, the bill was defeated.

Of course the House will have to reconsider its action, for the necessary appropriations for the District must be made. The question of the items for these charitable institutions must come up again. We can see no consistency in the action of the Committee of the Whole. Either the members should take the sound position that no public money shall be spent upon institutions under sectarian or private control, or all the items should pass. There should be no favoritism shown. Either none or all should be the rule.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The Nicaragua Canal commission has made its report to Congress. The document does not recommend the project of government support to the enterprise on the lines asked by the Maritime Canal company. The commission finds that the work is incompletely planned and not studied out in a satisfactory manner; and that the cost will be twice the canal company's estimates.

Consequently, the recommendation is made that Congress, before it authorizes the completion of the enterprise in the name of the United States, shall send a competent corps of government engineers to go over the ground, lay out the proper route, and make estimates of the cost. This advice is wise. The importance of the canal can not be overrated; it should be built, even if the United States government shall sustain the entire cost. But it is is prper to find out exactly what it will cost before authorizing the work to begin. That is the common sense of the matter.

NO PRIZE FIGHTS.

The Caton bill, to prohibit prize fighting in the territories and the District of Columbia, was promptly signed by the President as soon as it reached him, and consequently became a law at once. Every good citizen is glad of this enactment. Every state now has a statute forbidding these brutal encounters—a belated survival of the barbarous arenic displays of ancient Rome; and now Congress has supplemented the state laws by an enactment forbidding them in the portions of our national area directly under its control.

The immediate occasion of the passage of the measure was to prevent the Maher-Fitzsimmons fight at El Paso, New Mexico. If the governor of that territory has not sufficient force at his disposal to stop the brutality, the national government stands ready to furnish all needed aid. Prize fighting is a thing of the past in the United States.

If Congress would only deal with the financial and revenue questions as promptly, and in as common-sense a manner, as it did the prize-fighting question!

Mr. Harrison was not talking through that hat when he declined to be an aspirant for the Presidency.

If that Wyoming woman is nominated and elected, will she be the governor or governess of that state?

THE TARIFF BILL.

The Senate Finance committee, by a majority of one, reported a free coinage substitute for the Dingley tariff bill, thus repeating the performance with the bond bill. But the indications are that the Senate will not pass the substitute. The Republican Senators who are silver men know absolutely that no free coinage bill can possibly become a law. They are satisfied with the grand-stand play made by the silver element in the case of the bond bill. They have no wish to embarrass the party purpose to send a tariff bill to the President, and will not do so. They will vote almost as a unit to recommit the bill to the finance committee, and it is probable that this will be the course adopted.

Another thing which will bring the Republican silver Senators into line with the majority of the Republicans in that body is that they understand clearly that the Populists are aiding the Democrats to "put the Republicans in a hole" on the tariff bill. How this measure con be gotten down off the shelf where it has been placed by the Finance committee is not yet clear, but it is pretty certain that it will be done, and the measure pressed to a vote; and on that vote there will be a practically solid Republican Senatorial phalanx in its favor, so that the party will be on record for the national convention at St. Louis.

The work of getting rid of the free coinage substitute so as to get a vote on the tariff measure is going to be a task of some delicacy. It will require more than the Republican vote to do it. Fifteen Democratic Senators showed by their votes or their pairs on the bond bill, that they are opposed to free coinage. While it is probable that they might vote for the free coinage substitute for the tariff bill simply for the sake of embarrassing that measure, it is scarcely probable that they would be willing to put themselves on record as voting for a free silver proposition under any circumstances. The fifteen Democrats who made a record against free coinage are Brice (Ohio), Caffrey (La.), Faulkner (W. Va.), Gibson (Md.), Gray (Del.), Hill (N. Y.), Lindsay (Ky.), Martin (Va.), Mills (Tex.), Mitchell (Wis.), Murphy (N. Y.), Palmer (Ill.), Smith (N. J.), Vilas (Wis.)

While three or four of these men, notably Mills, Martin and Faulkner, are known to have a leaning toward silver, it is scarcely believed that a sufficient number of this list would vote for the free coinage substitute for the tariff bill. There are 24 free coinage Democrats, 6 free coinage Populists and probably 4 Republicans who are so earnestly for free coinage that they would vote for this amendment to the tariff bill. This would give 34 votes to free silver men for the substitute. It would thus require, should all the Senators vote, 11 of the anti-silver Democrats to adopt the free coinage substitute.

But should this substitute pass the Senate, and the measure be sent back to the House, that body would non-concur, and send the bill to the conference committee, which would report it with the free coinage amendment stricken out and it would probably pass the Senate without the silver clause.

It seems to be generally conceded that, whatever the Senate may do, the bill will not become a law. Those who have talked with the President are satisfied that he will veto it if it reaches him. He has indicated pretty clearly this determination. So it seems that both the important measures which have been originated by this Congress thus far—the bond and the tariff bills—will fail to be come laws.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

The tremendous success of the new loan should have a very favorable effect upon the business of the country. The fact that the bids aggregated nearly six times the total issue of bonds should inspire confidence in the future; and lack of confidence—plus the unfavorable effect of the Democratic tariff—checks business prosperity.

Foreign exchange has weakened, and it is no longer profitable to export gold in payment of trade balances. The exports last week were $827,912, of which $820,250 was of foreign gold coins sent to France. The imports of gold were $3,804,371, of which $2,748,801 was bullion from Liverpool.

The wheat market is the center of interest just now. The indications favor better prices, for natural forces are sustaining the market. Stocks at the seaboard are 7,000,000 bushels, and the export demand likely to be double that amount before the season lake navigation opens. All-rail shipments from Chicago and from the northwest to the seaboard are more than probable. The latest cable advices confirm the worst statements about Argentine wheat, even claiming that rains have made it unfit for shipment. England and the continent must look this way for the bulk of immediate supplies. The best English authority cabled Friday that stocks of breadstuffs afloat for and in Europe decreased 16,000,000 bushels during January. Only the liberal receipts from the spring wheat states of the northwest check a further upward movement at this time.

The New York bank statement of Saturday correctly reflected the money situation. Up to the previous week's statement, and since the beginning of preparations for the bond issue, loans of the New York banks decreased $45,818,200. Last week they increased $1,289,100, a plain result of the release of tied-up funds since the announcement of the bids. Meantime, last week's increase in specie and legal tenders was $1,140,200, which makes a total gain since December 21, of $14,220,200, and an increase in the surplus reserve above legal requirements of $21,791,150. This week this total ought to be increased considerably, and to bring easier terms for money. Last week's clearing-house exchanges at the country's active commercial centres shows to what extent preparations for the bond subscriptions and the resultant tightness of the money market have affected trade. The total for the week is actually $45,000,000 less than the same week a year ago.

Money on call in New York closed Saturday at 4 per cent. Time money during the week was not especially active on either side of the question, excepting that the loanable funds increased in the last two days. The difference of opinion, lately noted as to maturity, still prevails to some extent, the lender preferring the longer date, the borrower the shorter. Rates 5½ per cent. for sixty to ninety days, 6 per cent. for four to six months.

Stocks advanced sharply prior to the announcement of the large over-subscription to the government bonds. After the announcement, the market advanced irregularly, but with frequent reactions and much hesitation. Railway bonds increased in activity the bond announcement, and have been continuously strong. Government bonds have advanced continuously. On the bid price, the 4s coupon of 1907 and the 6s of 1904 have moved up 2 points, the 4s of 1925 advancing 4½. Actual transactions in government bonds on the Stock Exchange last week were $843,000, at a price rising from 113 to 116⅝.

The Manchester ship canal don't pay after all. There are too many railways to make it profitable to convert an inland city into a seaport.

A SILVER OBJECT-LESSON.

Col. John A. Cockerill, who has been in Japan for the past year as correspondent of the New York Herald, writes to that paper from Tokyo concerning the distress and business disorganization which has come upon that country through the attempt to maintain bimetallism with free silver coinage.

The unit of Japanese coinage is the yen. The gold yen is a little lighter than our gold dollar, and is worth 96 cents; the silver yen is a little heavier than our silver dollar; the latter contains 412½ grains of standard silver, while the silver yen contains 416 grains of the same fineness.

Of course, the Japanese law makes both the gold yen and the silver yen legal tender, at the same value. The government, however, does not hold the silver yen up to the standard of the gold yen, as our government holds the silver dollar up to its face value. The result has been that, within the past five years, the purchasing power of the silver yen has depreciated steadily, until now it is practically at its bullion value—about 50 cents. The gold yen, of course, maintains its value at par, or 96 cents.

As is always the case in any country where there are two kinds of currency, prices have been measured in the cheaper kind since the two parted company in value. Values are given in the depreciated silver yen; the gold yen has disappeared as money, and is hoarded as a commodity. Its function as currency has been lost.

Slowly the prices of goods advanced, as measured by the silver yen. An article that cost the buyer one yen a few years ago now sells for two yens. That is, its real price remains the same, but the fall in the worth of the silver yen has been such that it takes two of them to buy what one would buy when it was at par with the gold yen.

As is always the case, the the prices of everything else adjusted themselves to the depreciated currency before wages and salaries did. The man who worked for pay got as many silver yens as before, but each yen would go only half as far in buying. In actual effect, wages were slowly scaled down to about one-half. Now a realization of the real facts has come upon the people, and they are endeavoring to obtain a rise in wages. With the gradual decline in value of the silver yen, business has been demoralized, and Japan is now entering upon a season of depression and hard times. Col. Cockerill says:

It has taken the people and the business world here quite a time to readjust themselves, but they are at it now with a vengeance. The penalty of a depreciated currency is being paid. For the last four months there has been a steady demand upon the part of salaried men for an increase of pay which would enable them to live comfortably. As the purchasing power of money has grown less the prices of commodities and the necessaries of life have steadily increased. The government led off recently by doubling the salaries of all its foreign employees. This has been followed by a number of big corporations.

They have yielded to the demands of their people after the usual struggle, and this is the beginning. Wages are everywhere being pushed up, and in all branches where skill is required, men are lying down on their contracts and begging for concessions. Bankruptcy stares thousands of honorable business men in the face. The depression is not due in any sense to the war with China. Everybody knows that Japan made money during her war. The government is richer than it ever was. The decline of silver has upset everything, and great uncertainty attends all business enterprise. The first thing that a business man does in the morning is to look at the value of the fluctuating dollar. It may be worth 58 cents or it may be worth 59. Exchange flutters and shifts, and considerable sums are lost to commercial men every day if they have foreign trade relations. Japan could no go to a gold basis, no matter how much she tried. That would mean universal bankruptcy.

Her general finances are deplorable, and the condition must grow worse until business is settled down to the basis of a 50-cent dollar. Not a business concern in Japan will escape the effect of this curtailment of profit incidental to a 50 per cent increase in salaries and wages. The man who encourages a silver basis for the people of the United States by pointing to Japan as a glorious example is simply deceiving himself and his countrymen.

The United States has been a gold standard country since 1853, except during the war, when we were on a depreciated and fluctuating greenback currency. There is not an obligation in existence that was not contracted on a gold basis. The wild theories of the silver men do not stand the test of actual practice. Japan is an example of the truth of the matter. Our people should profit by that example, and not rush headlong into bankruptcy and an era of harder times than we now have.

MR. HARRISON'S LETTER.

Ex-President Benjamin Harrison has written a letter squarely declining to have his name considered with the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

The Republican state committee of Indiana at its meeting a few days ago passed formal resolutions declaring the adherence of the Republicans of that state to Mr. Harrison; and that gentleman took advantage of the opportunity thus offered to make public his purpose not to be a candidate.

The letter is characteristic. It is frank and direct, incapable of being read between the lines. There is no string to the ex-President's declination. It removes him entirely from the Presidential field and leaves the Indiana Republicans free to exercise their choice among the other aspirants in the selection of delegates to St. Louis.

Mr. Harrison has always been a plain-spoken man. He never puts himself on paper in equivocal language, capable of more than one interpretation. He says "the Republican party has twice in national convention given me its endorsement, and that is enough."

By the way, those words are worthy careful consideration by Grover Cleveland. For twelve years he has been the nominee of his party. He has had three nominations and two elections; yet there is an element in the Democratic party which desires his fourth nomination. Mr. Harrison says two nominations are "enough." Are three nominations enough for you, Mr. Cleveland, or must your egotism have the sacrifice of a fourth one?

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The German federal council has rejected the reichstag resolution instructing the government to issue invitations to an international monetary congress to consider the rehabilitation of silver. This brings the silver question down to but three practical solutions. They are:

First—To leave things as they are, maintain the gold standard, and cease the effort to make a money metal of silver.

Second—To put a dollar's worth of silver in a silver dollar, and allow the coins to be represented in our circulation by silver certificates.

Third—To adopt the silver standard, and drop to the level of Mexico and other second-rate countries in our financial system.

There is no other possible way than one of these three. The proposition of the silver men to open our mints to the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 means the third proposition named above.

The United States Treasury needs 40 million dollars more revenue yearly.

The Dingley tariff bill would easily furnish that much additional.

The silver men in the Senate have blocked its passage. The voters of the nation will place the responsibility where it belongs.

There is every indication that the Indiana delegation to the St. Louis convention will cast its vote solid for McKinley, Reed, Morton, Cush Davis and Allison.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

The Senate finance committee, which transformed the Dingley bond bill into a free silver measure, in which shape it was passed and sent to the House, has served the revenue bill in a similar manner. This measure was designed to hoist duties on imports 15 per cent; it now provides for the free coinage of silver. The measure has been reported, but has not yet been considered.

Representative Barrett, of Massachusetts, who is serving his first term in the House, is after Mr. Talbert, of South Carolina, who was in the Confederate army. Mr. Talbert, in the heat of debate, said he was proud of the part he took in the late unpleasantness, and would do it again should similar conditions arise. This made Mr. Barrett introduce a resolution of censure. Mr. Talbert then explained that the conditions of 1861 could not again exist, and he was glad of it. Mr. Barrett's resolution was referred to a committee, which is probably the last that will be heard of it.

Although the Republicans lack one of a majority, Senator Frye, of Maine, has been chosen president pro tem of the Senate and the Republicans are about to make an effort to secure the minor officers and thus complete the reorganization begun some time ago.

The Cuban resolutions introduced in the Senate some time since have been withdrawn and a joint resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans substituted. This resolution, like the Davis resolutions, will form the basis of a great many speeches, but action will long be deferred.

The $100,000,000 of bonds offered to the public by Secretary Carlisle went off with a rush, completely surprising the treasury officials as well as the croakers who declared a popular loan could not succeed and that dealing with syndicates was the only true method of selling bonds to advantage, if the treasury gold was to be protected. The result of the bidding greatly surprised the financial men and has given "confidence" a great boost. Even the pessimistic London press, which sees no good in the financial situation in the United States, enthused to an astonishing degree over the success of the loan. The high premium at which the bonds were sold means a rate of interest of less than 3½ per cent.

United States Minister Terrell has again started on the war path for the sultan. He has demanded the payment of $100,000 indemnity for the destruction of the property of American missionaries in Armenia and elsewhere, and judging from the result of previous demands he is likely to be promptly paid. Mr. Terrell, having the entire power of the United States behind him, is inclined to insist upon his rights. As no Turkish bonds are held in this country, Abdul Hamid knows that threats of repudiation and the plunging of Europe into a general war do not terrorize the American government as they do the British cabinet, which has made an undignified backdown from its position, and practically left the Armenians to shift for themselves. England has deserted the Armenians, but she is so jealous of Russia, who is willing and able to pacify Armenia, that she will not allow her to undertake the task.

There is grief among the members of the pugilistic fraternity at El Paso, all because Congress passed a bill to stop their amusement. Delegate Catron, of New Mexico, had heard a rumor that Messers. Fitzsimmons and Maher, and several other gentlemen, were to engage in the unseemly pastime of pounding one another until one failed to come to time or the authorities stopped the proceedings. The Texans, in an extraordinary session of the legislature, had placed their mark of disapproval on fighting, and Mexico threatened to make trouble for the pugs if they tried their bull-and-man-fight in the land of the Montezumas. It is the easiest thing in the world for an American to get into jail in Mexico, but the difficult matter is to get out. The fighters knew this, and cast their eyes upon New Mexico, a territory without a prize-fight law nor a militia force.

But Delegate Catron was on hand. Wednesday he introduced a bill imposing a penalty of one to five years upon pugs and bull fighters who should do battle in the territories. The bill was passed and sent to the Senate. Thursday that body overlooked the opportunity to send it back to the House in the shape of a silver "substitute," but passed it. Friday the President signed it, and went hunting. The pugs talk loudly, but fighting is improbable in view of the fact that the whole military force of the United States is at the disposal of the governor of the territory.

Cecil Rhodes, ex-premier of Cape Colony, presiding genius of the Chartered South Africa company and instigator of Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal, has arrived in England. The ex-premier was greeted with great enthusiasm and with as much of a public ovation as the frightened directors of the company would permit. It is now hinted that both Rhodes and Jameson will be raised to peerages as a slight expression of England's appreciation of their effort to extend the limits of the great British empire. Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, who is interested in a rival company, the Royal Niger company, whose operations have not yet been brought before the public, is said to insist that Dr. Jameson be given an impartial trial. As this might result in his conviction for making a hostile invasion of a friendly state, care will be taken that Mr. Chamberlain either moderates his demands or retires from office. Under these circumstances the subsidence of the colonial secretary may be looked for.

Thus far there has been no indication that Lord Dunraven intends to make the apology which every one believes he should make, in view of the report of the committee which investigated his charges against the Defender. The noble earl has visited the Prince of Wales and at one or two dinners has talked learnedly about Venezuela and other topics, but thus far he has failed to make the amende honorable which every sportsman now believes is overdue.

Now comes a report that certain Democratic politicians are importuning President Cleveland to declare himself on the question of a fourth nomination, and there are those who intimate that the President will follow Gen. Harrison's example and write a letter of withdrawal.

For the purpose of putting itself upon record and possibly to induce the imperial government to grant more liberal subsidies to certain Canadian enterprises, such as submarine cable and steamship companies, the Canadian parliament on Wednesday adopted a resolution reaffirming the dominion's loyalty to England and declaring that no sacrifice would be too great should it be necessary for Canadians to fight for the mother country. In view of the fact that war talk has practically died out both here and in England, it would seem as if the Canadian parliament, which is on the point of dissolution, wanted to make a little campaign material. The resolution was adopted unanimously, but several Liberals spoke against it, and one of them declared the United States held Canada as a hostage for England's good behavior.

The emperor of Germany is said to be meditating a change in chancellors, and the passing of the Prince Hohenlohe is not unexpected. He has been intrigued against almost from the time he took office, but until now he has had the support of the emperor. The emperor now wants a material addition to the German navy, and Hohenlohe, who doesn't see where the money is to come from, objects to the programme; and, since the emperor brooks no interference with his plans, it is not unlikely that the chancellor will have to go. The two Eulenburgs, who had much to do with the fall of Caprivi, are now working for the overthrow of the present chancellor, hoping that one of them, who succeeded Caprivi as Prussian premier when he threw up this position, but retained the chancellorship, will succeed him. Another candidate who is working under cover is Count Herbert Bismarck, son of the old chancellor. That he will be the successful candidate is doubtful, since his selection would practically mean the return of the old prince to power. This would hardly be pleasing to the emperor.

The populace of Madrid gave Gen. Campos a warm reception when he put in an appearance. He was hooted and hissed and his welcome was far different than that which would have been accorded him had he been successful in his campaign in Cuba. Gen. Weyler, the new captain general, will soon reach Cuba and endeavor to subjugate the Cubans. Acting Captain General Marin has been trying to do a little campaigning on his own account. He has left Havana for the western part of the island, but the rebels seem to elude him as easily as they did Campos.

Hit or Miss Sketch. John Sherman.

New York Journal:—There's much of the iceberg to John Sherman, and, like the iceberg, there's nine-tenths of him under water. Still, the ice is more apparent than real. It is of the surface. Within Sherman is warm, at times almost tropical.

"Most folks take Sherman for cold," remarked a brother Senator. "These people ought to lift one of his griddles once. They would find him hot and blazing inside."

To men whom he likes—they are few—Sherman is yielding and faithful in his friendships. To those whom he casually meets he is affable and kind enough. He is never rude or hard; never violent, even with blood foes. For the strange within the gates his air is gentle and frank. He is easy to see, and, generally speaking keeps himself within the reach of all.

Newspaper folk, who are sent to Sherman by some stress of business, like him. He has his dignity, but there is no reserve. He keeps no distance between himself and them. He will answer a question with a round, full promptness; or say plainly that he can't answer it, and tell why. He expedites the interview, and will even anticipate the purpose of one's coming, and put questions to himself.

By the grand stand such men as Sherman are looked on as successful. It is to be doubted if they share the popular view. Whatever he is or may have been, Sherman has not achieved his aim. His ambition was to be President; he made a bride of this White House hope, and it has never been fulfilled; he has failed, and kept failing, until the latest chance has swept by.

From the sixties until the Minneapolis convention of '92 Sherman hoped for a Presidency. At times the lamp burned dimly, and again it blazed; but for thirty years, whether far or near at hand, this swamp light of a Presidency led him forward.

Four years ago it died, and the world turned dark to Sherman. All he had was ashes. The Presidency had passed away for him. If Sherman was to tell one his exact belief in that behalf he would say that his life had failed.

Sherman is now 73 years old. During all the years he has planned and intrigued and studied late and early to be President, he has witnessed it drift—by accident rather than design—to the feet of two others of his state. Hayes and Garfield each have had a Presidency, while Sherman, who overtowered either, whether in mental worth or just desert, was denied. Melancholy by nature, his old age is made bitter by these slights.

Hayes's success Sherman received as an expression of the accidental. He found no fault with Hayes and took a portfolio from him. But Garfield's elevation he looked on as a monstrous treason. For that, quick or dead, he has ever fed, and pampered and fattened his hatred against Garfield. At last he wrote his book to be a sort of printed vengeance upon Garfield and those whom he held and holds to be his betrayers.

Sherman's primal characteristics are egotism and secrecy. He walks in all the water and hides all his tracks as much as maybe.

One must not blame Sherman for the egotism noted. He's neither peculiar nor alone. One finds no violets in Congress. Modest and retiring as some of them may look, it is true of all that some time, somewhere, somehow in their career each one sat down and decided that of some 175,000 people in his district he was the proper one to come to Congress and pass the laws. Nothing dim or reluctant in that.

No, a Congressman is of need an egotist. He couldn't have been congress man without it. So Sherman has company in this well and narrowly earnest contemplation of himself. In that behalf statesmen are all alike.

Speaking of Sherman's wish to be a President, it is even told that when party managers tendered the nomination to his warlike brother, the general of that ilk, the latter declined, not so much because he didn't want it, as that Brother John did. The soldier declined, to make room for the naming of the statesman. The result leaves "Sherman" out of the list of Presidents.

John Sherman ever had it in his fingers to write the life of his soldier brother. Yet it is said that when he actually prepared himself and sat down to it, thoughts of his loss of the Presidency so far controlled and overbore him that he wrote his books of resentful reminiscences instead. The Presidency, albeit hope has perished in the chill of repeated defeat, is still with Sherman the passion which rules. Only now it prompts vitriol rather than oil when the old gentleman meets Platt and Foster and other past and present Warwicks.

When in amiable mood—for now and then, being old, and possibly because he feels the tooth of disappointment a bit deeper, he is short and silent without being rude or impolite—he will talk with one there for hours.

Foraker, of fire-alarm fame, is like to join Sherman in the Senate. The old man doesn't like this. He has no use for Foraker. That vivacious past master of politics once accused Sherman of intriguing with the ballots, and the latter, making a specialty of revenge, has never forgiven or forgot.

In his own state, Sherman tenderly nurses and nourishes feud with McKinley, with Charles Foster—an "ex" of the Treasury as well as himself—and Foraker. He has minor vendettas of a small, garter-snake variety. But these little folks take none of his attention. When they cross his trail he seizes on the nearest club of politics and kills them. Then he goes on.

Foster's war with Sherman had a novel seed. Foster tells the story that in '92, while yet he was Secretary under Harrison, and his hands were tied, he made a deal with Sherman by which the latter was to take the election to the Senate to keep Foraker from pre-empting it. Sherman didn't want it, and Foster did; but Foster couldn't let drop his portfolio to look after it, and the seat was menaced by Foraker. So Sherman—so says Foster—went in and was elected and occupied the seat to the end that Foraker be headed off. By the terms of the agreement at the close of Harrison's reign, March 4, 1891, Sherman was to resign and Foster was to succeed to the vacancy.

It was a pretty deal, but the only part of it which came to pass was the stepping down of Harrison. The day to resign arrived, but Sherman remained frozen to his Senate pest. Nor could any argument, however heated, which Foster could bring to bear, thaw him free. Then Foster told the story of the scheme and the subsequent perfidy of Sherman in refusing to resign. Sherman said nothing, did nothing save maintain a grim possession of his place.

A. H. L.

The United States produced more coal oil then beer last year. There were 100,000,000 barrels of the former and 70,000,000 barrels of the latter. Light is better than liquor.

Uhl notice that he was nominated ambassador to Germany.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

Germany has 30,000 breweries. Great Britain 18,000. The United States show only 5,000 of these factories of delight.

The Bulgarians in Phanar, Constantinople, are now erecting a church, every part of which is of iron.

The priest of Woda, near Schneidemuehl, Prussia, has been poisoned by strychnine put in the wine which he drank at mass. Despite all efforts to find him, the malefactor remains undiscovered.

In Berlin on week days all stores must remain closed from 8 p. m. until 5 a. m. On Sundays they remain open from noon until 7 p. m. Roosveltism would breed revolution in ultra-monarchical Brandenburg.

At Dueren, in the Palatinate, Germany, a 22-year-old girl was seized with the hallucination that she had been predestined to die the death of a martyr. To make sure of it she saturated her clothes with kerosene, set fire to them, and died after terrible agonies.

At Vienna, Austria, a schoolboy, 13 years old, hanged himself because he expected demerit notes from his teacher. His brother cut him down just in time to save him from death. But he is now living a living death in a lunatic asylum.

A professor—a real professor—at Essling, Wurtemberg, has during the past eighteen years paid twenty fines of 15 marks each for refusing to have his children vaccinated. He bases his objection somehow on religious scruples. His children were vaccinated, however.

Trade in Indian snakes is always lively, of course. Thousands are shipped annually to foreign ports. During the past three months one merchant in Calcutta alone sent over 1,800 abroad. Some of the giant wrigglers exported by him were over 30 feet long, the longest ones going to the Berlin Zoological Garden.

Alfred Stettenheim, the well-known German journalist, has been sentenced to pay a fine of 500 marks for permitting or overlooking the remark published in his journal that "it was on Friday that Christ gave his last 'diner' to his disciples." It was held that the use of the French word "diner" implied flippancy—punishable impiety.

At Latisana, Italy, 70-year-old Rosa Sturrelli had long been feared and hated as a witch. Quite lately her nephew, Francesco di Lorenzo, believing that he was bewitched by her, killed her with a hatchet to rid himself of the "spell." When he found the crime fastened upon himself he fled across the mountains into France.

A rich wine merchant at Dresden owns a terrier which he values very highly. A short time ago the dog began to mope and grow thin. Veterinary surgeons decided that an operation was necessary. Accordingly, they cut the canine's stomach open and there found a rubber ball which he had swallowed two weeks before. Twelve days after the removal of the supernumerary valve his dogship was himself again.

According to an old custom in the Dutch village of Katlyk the two church bells are rung without intermission, day and night, from the 21st to the 25th of December every year. No reason is given for the custom, but so far all efforts to stop the maddening noise have proved futile. It has always been done, for centuries, and that settles it—now it must continue to be done through all eternity.

Emperor William, of Germany, rises at 5 o'clock every day. King Humbert, of Italy, King Oscar, of Sweden and King Karl, of Roumania, leave their beds at 6 o'clock, and the Queen Regent of Spain is arrayed in full splendor by 7 o'clock. Queen Victoria, of England, never rises before 8 o'clock, and the Prince of Wales is still later.

Everybody knows that a great many people consider it great fun to collect coins, postage stamps, etc. The latest in this line is the formation of a society at Munich, which has set to itself the soul-elevating task of collecting the greatest possible variety of street-car tickets.

THE FEMININE OBSERVER.

The new ribbons are gorgeous.

Down quilts signify both filling and the present condition of prices.

Odd pieces of cut glass are selling rapidly.

Blue and white ware is more popular than ever.

The feather boa on a fur cape does not look well.

Velvet Tam-o'-Shanters are much worn by young girls.

Bleached hair is its own accuser. It looks dead always.

Everything Scotch is in vogue these days—even hot Scotch.

Does any woman ever fail to read the marriages and deaths?

Very short kilted red skirts are worn by little girls of 7 or 8.

A woman doesn't like to be flattered unless it is by the right man.

Ten dollars extra for silk lining is the ultimatum of the tailors.

It is predicted that chinchilla will lose its vogue another winter.

Was ever a step-mother actually welcomed by the children of the first wife?

The truly amiable woman can look interested even at the breakfast table.

If you have to stand up in the cars do not assume an air of injured innocence.

A black empire fan studded with spangles can be used by either maid or matron.

If you wish to study human nature stand fifteen minutes in the postoffice corridor.

Ribbon bows on a baby's gown bid foster variety and do not improve its appearance one

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

Owing to a popular demand from our subscribers, and especially from members of the G. A. R., we have arranged with a large publisher for a quantity of pictures of the most celebrated battles of the civil war. These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. More than 200,000 have been sold during the past year at one dollar each, and our price to any person who orders a picture alone will be one dollar. But we did not get these pictures for sale or for profit. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the subscriber, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one or more when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list; make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge.)
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn.
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
Battle of Williamsburg, Va.
Fall of Petersburg, Va.
Battle of Oneguan or Winchester, Va.

We also add a half dozen celebrated foreign battle pictures:

Battle of Waterloo.
Battle of Gravelotte.
Battle of Mars-La-Tour.
Die Hermann's Schlacht.
Battle near Orleans.
Battle of Fontenoy.

Order by name of battle. Give plainly postoffice address for picture as well as The Blade. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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Five Volumes, Paper Cover, Containing Over 2,200 Pages.

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Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The goods we offered to the subscribers of The Blade last year met with such favor that we have concluded this year to extend our list of waterproof coats for men and ladies. The prices this year will be somewhat lower than last, and we have added to the list. We offer both single texture and double texture, sewed and seamed. These goods are not pasted together, but SUBSTANTIALLY SEWED.

We prepay express charges, and deliver these goods at your nearest express office. When you order, please give your postoffice and your express office address.

Men's Waterproofs, Double Texture, With Detachable Capes.

No. 500 black diagonal, double stitch seams	$5 50
No. 501 tan diagonal, double stitch seams	5 50
No. 502, blue diagonal, double stitch seams	5 50
No. 550, Black Henrietta, double stitch seams	6 00
No. 551, Blue Henrietta, double stitch seams	6 00
No. 552, Tan Covert, double stitch seams	6 00
No. 600, Black All Wool, double stitch seams	7 50
No. 601, Blue All Wool, double stitch seams	7 50

Men's Double-Breasted Box, Velvet Collar, No Cape.

No. 700, Black, All Wool, seams sewed and strapped	$8 00
No. 701, Blue, All Wool, seams sewed and strapped	8 00

Regular sizes are 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, breast measure. A 40-inch coat is supposed to fit a man whose breast measure over his under coat is 40 inches. State size you want.

Women's Mackintoshes—Inverness Garments. (Sleeveless.)

No. 800, single texture, fast black, with 27-inch cape, unlined	$4 00
No. 801, single texture fast tan, with 27-inch cape, unlined	4 00
No. 802, single texture, fast blue, with 27-inch cape, unlined	4 00
No. 803, double texture, fast black Henrietta, 27-inch cape	6 00
No. 804, double texture, fast blue Henrietta, 27-inch cape	6 00
No. 805, double texture, black Henrietta, double cape detachable	7 00
No. 806, double texture, blue Henrietta, double cape detachable	7 00

Give your best measure and length down the back from collar seam to bottom of skirt. We shall require some little time for filling these orders, as they have to be forwarded East to the factory, after we get the orders, and in most cases the garments are made to order. Subscribers therefore, should not look for these goods sooner than three weeks after they mail us the order. Address THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) spoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is used in the same manner as the solid silver ware. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
1 dozen tablespoons	85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 15
1 dozen table knives	2 25
1 dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

SUSAN SIMPSON.

Sudden swallows swiftly skimming,
Sunset's slowly spreading shade,
Silvery songsters sweetly singing,
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately,
Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs.
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately
She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher;
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shyer,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,
Susan Simpson Slocum she—
So she signed some simple sketches—
Soul sought soul successfully.

* * * * * * *

Six Septembers Susan swelters;
Six sharp seasons snow supplies;
Susan's satin sofa shelters
Six small Slocums side by side.
—Boston Globe.

Edison prophesies that in ten years horseless carriages will be the rule, and horse-propelled vehicles the exception.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of The Blade.

NO. 6647—LADY'S WAIST, WITH MARIE ANTOINETTE GIRDLE.

White mouseline de soie is here daintily made up over pink satin, the deep Empire belt being of the plain unveiled satin. The waist, which is shown arranged for evening wear, is beautifully decorated with blush pink roses in their foliage. The sleeves are in elbow length and finished with a band and tie bow of pink satin ribbon. The arrangement of this stylish waist is made over glove-fitted linings that close in center front, and full fronts and back being gathered and applied at square yoke depth. The upper portion of linings can be covered with

No. 6647—LADIES' WAIST, WITH GIRDLE IN MARIE ANTOINETTE GIRDLE.

lace over satin (as shown in back view) or with silk, velvet or other contrasting fabric if a high neck be desired, and the sleeves made full length of material to match the waist. The Empire belt is shaped with under-arm seams and closed invisibly at the left side. It can be made over a fitted lining, if so preferred, the shaping being provided by the waist pattern. The full gigot sleeves of satin are covered with mousseline, gathered at the top and arranged over comfortable linings. Waists in this style are highly favored, as they are adapted both for day and evening wear, the material and decoration employed making all the change required by the mode.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this waist for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 3 yards; for a 36-inch bust size, 3¼ yards; for a 40-inch size, 3½ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6647, and retails for 25 cents, is cut in sizes for a 32-inch, 34-inch, 38-inch and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 6644—LADY'S WATERPROOF.

This practical and cofortable top garment affords perfect protection in stormy weather without unnecessary weight or other inconvenience. The absence of sleeves (it being shaped in so-called "skeleton" design) renders it easily adjusted or laid aside. Gray waterproof cloth is chosen in

No. 6644—LADIES' WATERPROOF.

this instance, the cape being lined throughout with changeable blue and gold taffeta. The edges are plainly finished, and the cloak is closed all the way down the front with bone buttons, three of a smaller size closing the cape near the top. The fronts are loose-fitting, and join the body back by shoulder, under-arm seams, under-arm darts producing the smooth adjustment at the sides. The back skirt portions are widely lapped and joined to the lower edge of body, straps being provided at the side edges in which tapes or ribbon is inserted to tie around the waist, and thus hold the back in proper position. The back can be left open or closed as preferred. Useful pockets with pointed laps are placed on each front, the edges being stitched in tailor fashion. The cape extends well below the hips, and is shaped with a dart on each shoulder, it being of fashionable, but not exaggerated width. The rolling collar fits the neck closely, and can be raised if desired. Waterproof cloth in medium or light weight is usually chosen for garments of this kind.

The quantity of 54-inch wide material required to make this waterproof for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure, is 5¼ yards; for a 36-inch size, 5½ yards; for a 40-inch size, 5¾ yards; for a 42-inch size, 6 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6644, and retails for 35 cents, is cut in sizes for 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, 40-inch and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 6661—CHILD'S DRESS.

Bebe blue cashmere is here combined with dark blue velvet, the decoration being bands of cashmere embroidered in dark blue silk. The frock is dainty, simple and very effective, the combination being becoming to all child[illegible] The full skirt is

No. 6661—CHILD'S DRESS.

shirred with a heading at the top and applied to the spare yoke, back and front, the closing being in centre back. The yoke and lower portions of sleeve lining are faced with velvet, the collar and bands on the wrist being of the embroidered cashmere to match the straps over shoulders. Full puffs are gathered and stylishly arranged over the comfortable sleeve linings, above the deep cuff facings of velvet. Children's frocks in this style can be daintily developed in all kinds of pretty wash fabrics and trimmed with lace and embroidery. Flannel, camel's hair, merino and other woolens make useful and comfortable dresses for children. The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this dress for a child two years old is 2¾ yards; for a six-year-old size, 2½ yards; for an eight-year-old size, 2¾ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6661, and retails for 25c, is cut in sizes for two, four, six and eight-year-old children.

NO. 6667—LADY'S WAIST.

Shaded fancy silk, in harmonizing tones of pink and yellow, is here stylishly decorated with a fancy [illegible] collar of butter

No. 6667—LADIES' WAIST.

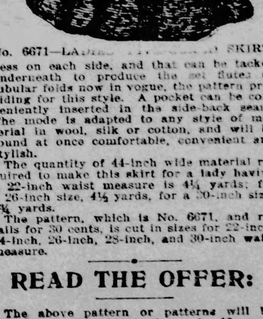
color point-de-gene lace over pink satin, edged with black ribbon velvet. Stock collar and bow at belt of shaded ribbon to match silk. The waist is stylishly arranged over glove-fitted linings, the full front and back being gathered at the upper and lower edges, the fronts drooping in blouse fashion over the crush belt. The closing is invisibly accomplished in center front, the yoke and standing collar closing at the left side. The fashionable sleeves in gigot style are gathered at the top and disposed over linings that fit comfortably, the wrists being decorated to match the yoke collar. The fanciful collar is trimmed to simulate a shallow-pointed yoke in front and back, with epaulettes that fall in double tabs over the full sleeves. This collar can be included in the neck seam, with standing collar, or made separately, as preferred. Handsome waists of plain and fancy silks, satin or velvet, can be developed by the mode, any fashionable garniture being applied on the collar. Fine woolen fabrics in plain, plaid or mixed varieties combine attractively in waists of this kind. The yoke collar can be omitted if a simpler style of blouse waist is preferred.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this waist for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 3 yards; for a 36-inch size, 3¼ yards; for a 40-inch size, 3½ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6667 and retails for 25 cents, is cut in sizes for 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, 38-inch and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 6664—MISS'S CAPE, WITH HOOD.

This stylish cape of boucle cloth is handsomely lined with plaid silk. The cape is shaped in circular outline, and can be cut with or without a seam in center back, as best suits the material. The shoulders are smooth, smoothly fitted without darts, and it falls to fashionable length in stylish ripples all around. The collar can be raised,



No. 6664—MISS'S CAPE, WITH HOOD.

with the fronts rolled as shown, closed higher, or rolled over on cape as preferred. The pointed hood is lined throughout, displaying the pretty plaid silk on its rounded front edges. The cape is hooked closely at the neck, two pointed straps closing the front edges with bone buttons. The edges of cape, straps and collar are finished with machine stitching in tailor style; but this can be omitted if a plain completion is preferred. Capes by the mode are made of medium and heavy cloaking in plain and mixed colors, with smooth or rough-faced surface. For early spring, capes in this style are made of the dress material and warmly interlined. The hood can be finished separately and hooked on at the neck when worn, or omitted when not desired.

The quantity of 54-inch wide material required to make this cape for a miss 12 years old is 1⅞ yards; for a 14-year-old size, 1⅞ yards; for a 16-year-old size, 1⅞ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6664 and retails for 30 cents, is cut in sizes for 12, 14, and 16-year-old misses.

NO. 6671—LADY'S FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

Fancy mohair crepon made this stylish skirt that answers the call for fashionable and practical skirt of ample but not exaggerated width, that can be made up without stiffened lining, and thus relieved of the great weight objectionable in skirts of the present mode. The skirt consists of a narrow front gore (a feature that is very generaly becoming), wide single side gores and two back gores, that can be either gathered or patted at the top. The placket is finished at the top of the center back seam, being completely hidden by the pretty full-

No. 6671—LA[illegible] SKIRT.

ness on each side, and that can be tacked underneath to produce the box plates or tubular folds now in vogue, the pattern providing for this style. A pocket can be conveniently inserted in the side-back seam. The mode is adapted to any style of material in wool, silk or cotton, and will be found at once comfortable, convenient and stylish.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this skirt for a lady having a 22-inch waist measure is 4¼ yards; for a 26-inch size, 4¼ yards, for a 30-inch size, 4¾ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6671, and retails for 30 cents, is cut in sizes for 22-inch, 24-inch, 26-inch, 28-inch, and 30-inch waist measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted, (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a seaprate pattern for every single piece of the dress.

For ladies, give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give BREAST measure in inches. Order patterns by number and give size in inches.

To get BUST or BREAST measure, put the tape measure all of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

The Best. The Rest. The Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: **The best—and the rest.** The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best, who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit,—that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best, shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal; to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

Still have doubts? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

HE CURES CONSUMPTION.

Important Discovery Made by Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York.

The current number of the New York Medical Record contains a very interesting article by Dr. Cyrus Edson, who was at one time Commissioner of Health of the City and County of New York, and who has been for years one of the well-known contributors to the leading magazines. It details the success of his new method of curing consumption by the use of asseptolin.

Of all the diseases which afflict the human race, tuberculosis, in one form or another, is the most fatal. Among the people of nations sufficiently civilized to keep records of deaths with their cause, about one-third are charged to tuberculosis. The most common form of the disease is consumption, and all men remember the sensation which followed the announcement by Prof. Koch that he hoped that he had discovered a remedy. But tuberculosis kills thousands of babies when it attacks them in the bowels, and it causes many men to walk with crutches. The disease is protean in character; there is scarcely a part of the body it may not invade, and it kills about one-third of all who die.

Germ Diseases.

In order to understand Dr. Edson's discovery, it is necessary to remember that Pasteur and Koch discovered and established the fact that germ diseases had as their ultimate cause the presence in the body of minute organisms, called germs, microbes and the like. That is, some germs from a diseased person were transferred to some bouillon, Irish moss or some substance on which they would grow; placed in a machine where the temperature was maintained at that of the blood, and there allowed to increase and multiply—which they did with amazing rapidity. These cultivated germs were identical with those in the diseased person, as was proved not only by the experiments with guinea pigs, but by the fact that many of the scientific men studying them have by accident been inoculated with them and have died as the result.

Having the cultivated colonies, the scientific men made many experiments. They found disinfectants would kill these germs. They found, for example, that if a mixture of one part of phenol, or carbolic acid, to 3,000 parts of water were floated over a colony of germs and left there for twenty-four hours all these germs died. It naturally occurred to them that if carbolic acid would kill germs outside the body it would kill them inside; and the conclusion that if they could kill all the germs in the body they could destroy the cause of the disease and thus cure the latter was apparent. The experiment was promptly tried. The result was some of those in whom injections were put developed abscesses at the point of injection. Far more, however, were poisoned by the acid and the idea had to be given up.

Dr. Edson had the problem before him about as follows: Here is a substance, a known antiseptic, which will kill the cultivated germs, not only present in the blood at all times, but increased by nature during the disease, which all men say can not be injected without poisoning the patient. Why?

Dr. Edson answered his own question by saying: "Because we have not yet found the right form or solution of it. If we find that we can inject."

He began the search, and after a long and tedious experiment produced a fluid which he calls aseptolin. It is perfectly colorless, looks like crystal, and smells strongly of carbolic acid. It contains 2.75 per cent of carbolic acid, and to

DR. CYRUS EDSON.

every ounce of it there is added 1-100th of a grain of a new salt discovered by Dr. Edson during his work, a salt called pilocarpin-phenyl-hydroxide. The aseptolin is injected under the skin and thus directly into the blood. The dose is 100 minims or drops, injected with a hypodermic syringe once in 24 hours.

Result of the Injection.

Now, what happens after the injection? If the total amount of blood in the person be remembered, it will be seen that after the injection the blood becomes a liquid having one part of carbolic acid to from 1,200 to 1,500 parts of blood. In other words, it is a liquid from two to two and one-half times as strong with the acid as was the 1-1000th to 3-1000th solution which killed the cultivated germs. The circulation of the blood applies this carbolic solution to every part of the body many times in an hour. Wherever there is disease and the germs which cause it, that spot is being continually washed with this carbolic solution, in which no germ can live more than a few hours.

Tuberculosis—consumption—is a germ disease, being caused by what are called the tubercle bacilli. Dr. Edson discovered aseptolin in September, 1895. To date, 217 persons having consumption have been treated with it. Of these, four showed no improvement, and of the four, one died. The rest, 213, showed improvement. Of these 23 have been discharged cured. 67 will, in the opinion of the physicians having the cases, be discharged cured, making 90 in all. In 91 cases the patients have been under treatment for too short a time to enable the attending physician to say anything except that the patients are better. In 22 cases the improvement was only temporary, but this record means about 40 per cent of cures, and these cases have been those of patients with the disease in all stages.

His Principal Charm.

Needleson—Yes, we think a great deal of that parrot. I wouldn't take $100 for him.

Pinns—He isn't very handsome, but I suppose he's an excellent talker.

"No, he is not much given to talking."

"Won't talk?"

"Can't."—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Mrs. McKinley, wife of ex-Governor McKinley, has been an invalid for many years, much of the time being confined to her room. Her health is better now than it has been for several years. She is a sweet-tempered woman, and the life of herself and husband has always been that of lovers. She has great admiration for the talents of her distinguished husband, and believes there are no heights he cannot reach. She has hosts of friends in Ohio and all over the country who will be as delighted to see her the first lady of the land as they will be to see Major McKinley in the presidential chair.

PROF. RONTGEN,

AND HIS DISCOVERY OF PHOTOGRAPHING THROUGH SOLIDS.

The Cathode Rays Will Penetrate Flesh, Wood, Paper, But Not Bone Nor Various Metals.

The recent discovery of Professor Rontgen, professor of physics in the University of Würzburg, Bavaria, which it is believed is destined to revolutionize photography, is the latest topic to claim the attention of scientists in Europe and America. By the Rontgen discovery, pictures may be taken of the interior of solid substances. The skull of a man, the bones of his feet and hands, in fact, his entire skeleton may be photographed by the Rontgen process, showing how one would look with the flesh off his bones. Flaws and inequalities in the heart of minerals may be detected, it is claimed, by this remarkable process of photography, and still the discovery is in its infancy, with greater possibilities before it.

Professor Rontgen recently sent to Professor Schuster, of Owens College, Manchester, England, a photograph taken by the new process. The picture shows a complete reproduction of a compass needle with the divisions into degrees of the circle over which the needle is

PROF. W. C. RONTGEN.

placed. The needle, before being photographed, was placed inside a metal box. As flesh, skin and cartilage are more transparent than bone, the photograph of a hand gives a perfect outline of the bones of the hand and fingers, the outline of the flesh being but very faintly discernible.

In an article contributed to the British Medical Journal by Professor Schuster, the writer says, in speaking of Professor Rontgen's discovery, that the photographs obtained are in the nature of shadows, and their great sharpness is itself testimony that the new radiation must be propagated in straight lines. The radiation passes in straight lines easily through paper, cardboard or wood and produces photographic effects after having passed through two complete packs of playing cards. The photographs may be taken in the ordinary light of day if the plate is kept in its dark slide, which will completely cut off all ordinary rays, and yet transmit the new radiation.

Professor Swinton, of London, puts the slide on a table with the film side of the plate uppermost. He suspends a Crookes tube above it and then between the two it rests the object to be photographed. The current is then switched on and an exposure of from four to twenty minutes is given.

In one experiment Swinton made for the Royal Photographic Society, a sensitive plate was put in a cardboard box. A lady put her hand on the plate. The cover was put on the box and then a porcelain bowl was put over all the things. Next the whole arrangement was put in a thick black bag and a Crookes tube was held three inches above the bag. After due exposure the hand of the lady was seen in skeleton outline. All the delicate bones were perfectly articulated, each in a faint haze that indicated the shape of the flesh. All the joints were as clear as if one saw the real ones, and the lady's ring hung wide and loose on the bone of the middle finger. The picture gave her no nails, and now it appears that finger nails will not photograph.

Gifford, of Somersetshire, who has taken the best photographs yet seen in England, shows one with whitish patches at the ends of the fingers; but it turns out that these are not nails, but due to dampness of fingers where they touched the plate. Gifford photographed a lame man's foot, and found a bone enlarged and pushing the neighboring toes out of place.

The pictures, though wonderful in the extreme, are only shadow pictures. All leave out the substances penetrated by the new rays, and show black shadows of impervious objects.

Belgium has already adopted the new process, and her government has ordered every hospital to be supplied with paraphernalia for aiding the surgeons.

With these mysterious pictures bullets and other foreign substances in the flesh and bones of patients have already been located successfully in innume able instances in half the countries in what we used to consider "slow old Europe."

Cure Lung Troubles and Consumption.

The Generous Offer That is Being Made by T. A. Slocum, of New York City, America's Most Eminent Chemist.

PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE

Confident of the Value of His Discoveries, He Will Send Free, Two Bottles, Upon Application, to Any Person Suffering From Throat, Chest, Lung, and Pulmonary Affections.

The appalling ravages of lung troubles and consumption in this country, continued from year to year, present a showing before which all lovers of humanity must stand aghast.

Lung troubles lead to consumption.

Last year, as proved by the official records at Washington, over 262,000 died from consumption in the United States—representing an average of 5,000 every week, and 700 every day; a waste of life that seems incredible.

More than four-fifths of this number might to-day be living, had they but known wherein restoration lay, and made timely use of the only infallible remedies that have thus far been discovered.

Thousands of witnesses could be brought forward whose testimony is incontrovertible—to prove not only that the Slocum Scientific Treatment is wonderfully efficacious in the cure of throat, chest and lung affections and all pulmonary disorders, but that it does cure in cases of well defined and unmistakable consumption.

For the purpose of bringing these remedies to the attention of the public, and making their great merits known, T. A. Slocum is now making a most generous offer that should certainly be taken advantage of immediately.

He will send two bottles free to any sufferer making application. Simply send express and postoffice address.

This proposition speaks eloquently indeed of the "good faith" of the great chemist.

Nothing could be fairer or more philanthropic.

There will be no mistake in sending—the mistake will be in overlooking the generous invitation.

Sufferers may address T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl Street, New York. When writing the Doctor, please mention reading this in the Toledo Blade and greatly oblige.

Unprecedented Indignity.

"I had not expected anything of this kind from you, sir!" said the alderman from the Seventh ward, looking with flushed and indignant face at the agent of the corrupt monopoly that had dared to tempt him with a bribe. "I had not expected this from you," he repeated, glancing at the $50 bill that lay in his hand. "This is merely an insult!"—Chicago Tribune.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

KAFFIR CORN

The Wonderful Forage and Fodder Plant.

Enormous Yields Even in Dry Seasons. No Plant Can Equal It For Quantity and Quality of Forage and Grain on Thin Lands.

OUR OFFERS:

FOR $1.35 We will send 3½ pounds of Kaffir Corn (enough for one acre), postpaid to any address in the United States, and the WEEKLY BLADE for one whole year.

FOR $1.10 We will send the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE one year and 2 pounds of Kaffir Corn, postpaid.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Many who have recently renewed their subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE, will desire to order trial packages of the corn. We suggest that they remit $1.35 for 3 1-2 pounds, or $1.10 for 2 pounds, and we will extend their subscriptions ahead another full year. Or, we will accept from subscribers whose time does not expire for some months, and who do not feel like renewing so far in advance, $1.00 for 3 1-2 pounds, or 75 cents for 2 pounds of the corn alone.

Read the Description of Kaffir Corn:

This is the greatest of all forage and fodder plants for all sections of the country. The plant is low, stocks perfectly erect, the foliage is wide, alternating closely on either side of the stalk.

It does not stool from the root, but branches from the top joints, producing from two to four heads of grain from each stalk.

The average height of growth on good strong land, 3½ to 4 feet; on thin land, 4½ to 5 feet. The stalk is stout, never blown about by winds, never tangled and is always manageable, easily handled. A boy can gather the grain heads.

It has the quality of resisting drought. If the growth is checked for want of moisture, the plant waits for rain, and then at once resumes the processes, and in the most disastrous seasons has not failed so far to make its crop. On very thin and worn lands it yields good paying crops of grain and forage, even in dry seasons in which Corn has utterly failed on the same lands.

The whole stalk, as well as the blades, cures into excellent fodder, and in all stages of its growth is available for green feed, cattle, mules and horses being equally fond of it, and its quality is not surpassed by any other known variety. If cut down to the ground, two or more shoots spring from the root, and the growth is thus maintained, until checked by frost.

Kaffir Corn may be planted in the early spring. It bears earlier planting than most fodder plants. It should be put in rows not over three feet apart, even on the best land. Should be sowed with the drill on good land, for either grain or forage purposes, and also on thin land if forage mainly is desired. No plant can equal it for quality and quantity of grain and forage on thin lands. Sow three to four pounds of seed to the acre.

Address all letters to

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SWIMMING LESSONS.

Women Are Taught on a Mattress in Mid-Air.

Swimming lessons are the fad of the hour. This winter, for the first time, the timid girl is as enthusiastic over the sport as her athletic sisters, for the latest and most scientific mode of teaching the art of swimming is to give the first lessons, which every novice dreads, not in the water, but in a pleasant, warm room, out of sight of the tank, which is often such a nervous shock to a beginner that the first few lessons are absolutely wasted, says the New York World.

Cozy, warm and bright is the room where the new method of swimming is taught. The pupil whose turn it is comes in with an air of delightful expectation. There is no awful plunge in seemingly treacherous water, no gasping for breath, no wild clutching at the instructor. A piece of matting, long and narrow and velvet-lined, is suspended from the ceiling and hangs in mid-air, looking more like a primitive hammock than a new scientific apparatus for teaching aquatic sports.

Although the pretty pupil is not "to go near the water," she still prepares for her lesson by donning what is called the practical bathing suit, which leaves her arms and legs free for a dexterous practice of every stroke. The strip of matting is lowered to the floor, the pupil takes the first swimming position on it, face down and arms extended. Then she feels herself drawn up to mid-air and the lesson begins.

She is taught first the arm strokes

THE FIRST LESSON.

then the leg strokes, and as soon as practicable a combination of the two, and all this is accomplished with surprising facility, for the pupil is extremely interested in the novelty of the situation and on the alert to receive and follow advice.

Just as soon as the necessary strokes for the simplest manner of swimming are acquired the pupil is placed on a similar bit of matting suspended over the tank. This is gradually lowered into the water, and the strokes are still practiced for a lesson or until the pupil is perfectly accustomed to the situation, with the consciousness that the matting is still under her, moving along on pulleys as she swims. As she acquires confidence the matting is slowly lowered until without the slightest apprehension or struggle she finds herself swimming easily and fearlessly, and she suddenly realizes that she has "enjoyed learning to swim."

The fancy strokes, diving, floating and "hiding," are of course all taught in the water after the pupil is perfectly at home and brave enough to enjoy the excitement.

The vexed question of what to wear for a swimming suit is easily settled if the advice of the swimming masters is accepted. They insist that no woman should attempt to learn clad other than in a single garment, practically a "trunk," sleeveless, a little low at the neck, and ending loosely at the knees. Silk or some knitted stuff like Jersey cloth is the best material to choose. Wool holds water and drags a swimmer down. Of course, this simple garment would generally be complete at the seashore, but a short, light-weight shirt and peignor is all the addition made by the girl who expects to go in the water and swim and who does not pose on the beach.

Culinary Carelessness.

One Cannibal—Talk about your ostrichism, why, they've just burned some people in Kentucky.

Another Cannibal—Pshaw! what sort of cooks have they out there, anyway, I wonder?—Detroit Tribune.

A Genuine "Call."

Curate—What made your brother, the physician, desert the profession to enter the ministry?

Rumso—Found he could preach better than he could practice, I guess.—Philadelphia Call.

AGENTS WANTED. A live man in every town (paper banger preferred) to solicit orders on good commissions from our large sample books. Full assortment, $1. Express paid. Send for terms and full particulars. Free. The U. S. Wall Paper Co. Dept. 4, Cincinnati, O.

$800 buys a fine 40-acre farm in South New Jersey, close to railroad, and "best markets in the world." Especially adapted for small fruits, poultry, vegetables, etc. Delightful climate. Productive soil. Close to good schools and churches. Address owner, HISLEY, 211 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE TO MEN! SEXUAL POWER quickly restored. Parts atrophied, shrunken or undeveloped. Varicocele, for Abuse, Emissions, Varicocele etc. Send stamp. Acton Med. Co., Washington, D.C.

ANY AMOUNTS COMBINED IN A UNITED FUND. Send for Circular. Secretary Association. S. J. PECKARD, 62 BROADWAY, N.Y.

MME. MANNELL tells name of future husband or wife and date of marriage. Send 10c and stamped envelope to 23 Adams ave. E., Detroit, Mich.

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NICE HOME.

350 ACRES. Lays well, some timber, large log house, good orchard, good buildings, good water, fine location, good neighborhood, good water. Will trade for stock. For Catalogue, and terms, address P. R. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

A NEW INVENTION.

In ingenious contrivance for seeing the back of one's head is the little mirror with a long handle, which is thrust into a clump on the back of a chair.

The "old" woman used to be content to stand before the high-hung oval mirror on the wall and dodge and gyrate to catch a glimpse of the nape of her neck and her high-piled hair by means of a glass which she held in her left hand, while she inserted hairpins with her right.

But the new woman needs to save her time and temper for other things, and she attains her end in the best way possible by means of this little invention.

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Now listen to a story true, or possibly a dream,
From days of yore, long, long before this fevered age of steam.
We always praise those good old days, when all the world was slow;
And this occurred, as I have heard, some thousand years ago.

In quiet glen were three old men among the mountains vast;
They sat and slept, while centuries crept into the misty past.
The first awoke and softly spoke: "If you will but allow
A single word, I think I heard the lowing of a cow."

They slept again, these three old men, while centuries rolled by;
And then the next old man seemed vexed, and oped his heavy eye;
Sedate and slow he shook the snow from out his hoary locks,
Then raised his head and meekly said: "I think it was an ox."

Then all was still again, until more centuries had fled,
And then the third old sage was heard to scratch his moss-grown head;
He rubbed his eyes in pained surprise and growled in accents deep:
"I wish you boys would stop that noise, and let a fellow sleep."
—Peer Stromme, in the Youth's Companion.

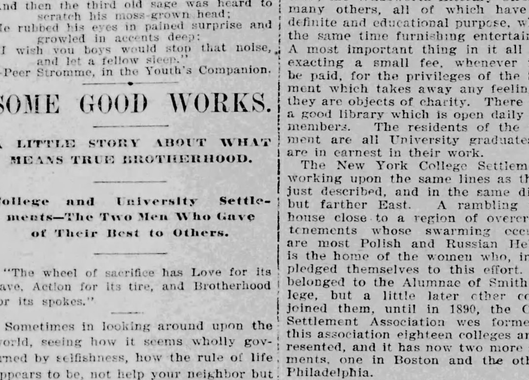
SOME GOOD WORKS.

A LITTLE STORY ABOUT WHAT MEANS TRUE BROTHERHOOD.

College and University Settlements—The Two Men Who Gave of Their Best to Others.

"The wheel of sacrifice has Love for its nave, Action for its tire, and Brotherhood for its spokes."

Sometimes in looking around upon the world, seeing how it seems wholly governed by selfishness, how the rule of life appears to be, not help your neighbor but fleece him if you can, the heart sinks in despair over humanity's future. Then memory brings the thought of the self-sacrificing men and women who have realized the true at-one-ment of all life, a unity which imposes the duty of helpfulness, of service one to the other, upon every human being. To the rich, the educated, the refined belongs the work of



aiding the very poor and the ignorant, not by alms-giving but by entering in, so to speak, to their very lives and showing them how to make them better worth their living.

To my mind this morning comes the thought of two men who truly did the Master's work in the beginning of what is now known as social settlements, the story of which is told in the current number of Frank Leslie's Monthly. Edward Denison and Arnold Toynbee were both men who deeply felt the duty owed by the educated to those whose environments held them in vice and ignorance. The first was an Oxford graduate of means and position who, in 1867, deliberately took up his residence in Whitechapel, a notoriously wretched part of London, and labored there for years among its people. Then death ended his efforts in the body, but his mantle fell upon Arnold Toynbee, a young Oxford tutor, who took up the work Denison laid down. He spent his summer vacations in Whitechapel—think of such vacations!—but after a few years, in 1883, I think it was, he, too, sickened and died. I am reminded here that it was Arnold Toynbee who is supposed to have been the original of one of Mrs Humphrey Ward's finest characters in "Marcella."

And so was sown the seed of what now is known as social and college settlements, a work which is steadily growing and promises to be of great help in solving the problem of the very poor.

After Arnold Toynbee's death, Dr. Barnett, the vicar of St. Jude's, who had been working for ten years in Whitechapel, and gave his aid and counsel to Toynbee when the latter began his labors, went to Oxford and "read a paper outlining his ideas of what a colony of university men might do for industrial centers such as East London. He told his auditors that every message to the poor, in order to be heeded must find expression in the daily life of its bearers, and proposed a plan for a settlement of university men, where a group should reside together and make their home a vital center for all ennobling influences."

The plan was instantly approved of, especially by the friends of Toynbee. A small settlement was soon established in temporary quarters, but later on the cooperation of Cambridge was secured, and in the summer of 1885 Toynbee Hall was an accomplished fact, and the best of all memorials to the splendid self-devotion and work of him whose name is thus perpetuated.

What is Toynbee Hall in reality? It is "a section of university life set down in the very center of sordid and grimy Whitechapel, not as an example, but as an invitation to better things." It is a hospitable home to which can come those who live about it, a home in which they can see and enjoy what will lift them out of the dullness and the evil of their every day surroundings. A spacious lecture room is opened nearly every evening, and filled with East End people, who gather to listen and to learn of what will make daily existence more tolerable. Concerts and debates are mingled with the study classes, and give variety and entertainment.

So the work has gone on with such success that other settlements in the cities of England and Scotland have been made. And then the movement came across the water, and work was begun on the same lines and carried on in several of the great cities of the United States. In this country it stands "for the growing desire to give social as well as political expression to the theory of democracy; for the impulse of the individual to share the life of the race, bringing social energy and its accruing benefits to those portions which need it most." It is in reality, on both sides of the water, a literal acceptance of the Christ's message regarding human brotherhood.

Two years after the opening of Toynbee Hall, or, in 1887, the work began in New York by the organization of the University Settlement Society of which Seth Low, of Columbia college, is president. Its beginnings were very small, but its growth has been steady, and it now has a membership of over 2,000. Its home is an old-fashioned house at 26 Delancy street, in the midst of a population far more dense than the most crowded district in London. The activities of the Settlement are based upon the family and club ideas. There is a kindergarten; classes for social, sanitary and political reforms; summer outings; loan art exhibitions and flower distribution, with other things designed to give the people a thought and desire to make their lives more wholesome.

The kindergarten is considered as, perhaps, the most important of its work, as it well may be, for the real betterment of conditions is always best conserved by the right training of the children. Then there is the Order club, made up of boys from eight to twelve years of age, who conduct all their business meetings; the Potomac Cadets, whose members are boys from eleven to fifteen; the Little Women's club, the Wadsworth Literary Circle, and many others, all of which have some definite and educational purpose, while at the same time furnishing entertainment. A most important thing in it all is the exacting a small fee, whenever it can be paid, for the privileges of the Settlement which takes away any feeling that they are objects of charity. There is also a good library which is open daily to the members. The residents of the settlement are all University graduates who are in earnest in their work.

The New York College Settlement is working upon the same lines as the one just described, and in the same district, but farther East. A rambling roomy house close to a region of overcrowded tenements whose swarming occupants are most Polish and Russian Hebrews, is the home of the women who, in 1887, pledged themselves to this effort. They belonged to the Alumnae of Smith's college, but a little later other colleges joined them, until in 1890, the College Settlement Association was formed. In this association eighteen colleges are represented, and it has now two more settlements, one in Boston and the other in Philadelphia.

In this New York institution the activities entered into include those things which will enable the residents, of whom there are ten, to enter cordially and helpfully into the life of the neighborhood. Among them is a kindergarten; classes in English, sewing, cooking, drawing, singing, dancing and gymnastics, besides numerous clubs for boys and girls, young men and women. Here, too, is a well-managed library, which is a great advantage. During the winter fully a thousand people of all ages visit the settlement house weekly.

I cannot stop to tell all that is done by these self-sacrificing workers among the poor, but their influence for good is broadening and deepening constantly.

Besides the settlements I have mentioned—and I speak of them more particularly because they were the first in the field—there are several others in New York, three in Philadelphia, four in Chicago, and five in Boston and environs.

The principal one in Chicago, and the second oldest settlement in this country, is Hull House, of which I hope to speak more at some other time. It is said that this one comes the nearest of all to being the ideal settlement. It is certainly doing a wonderful and far-reaching work for humanity.

Andover House in Boston was opened in 1892 in one of the most crowded districts in that great city. I notice that they have there an Emerson Club, and the Opportunist Club, which meets weekly for the discussion of social problems. This settlement follows broad lines in its work, and gives great promise of future usefulness.

Certainly none can doubt that out of these efforts will come some well-defined plan for the improvement of the very poor, who gather together in cities with nothing in the present to make life worth living, and with small outlook for the future. It is an expression of brotherhood which must bear rich fruitage; a recognition of the closeness of the relation which one human being holds to all others that prompts him to give of his good gifts to those less fortunate. That this loving service to humanity may be quickened and extended is to earnestly hoped for.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

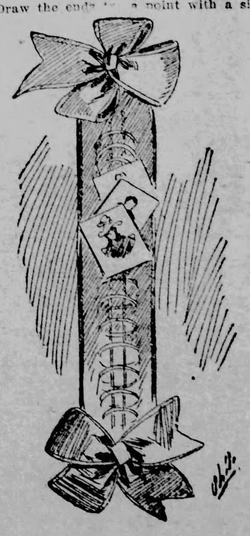
FANCY WORK

Sent in by Various Contributors to the Household Symposium.

Photograph Holder.

Buy one of the spiral racks to be found at the fancy stores; leave it plain, gild it, or enamel it in any delicate shade. Mount it on a ribbon a trifle wider and four inches longer than the rack, and of a rich, darkish color.

Draw the ends to a point with a silk

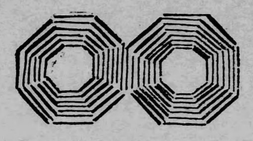


thread, and finish with handsome bows of ribbon about half the width of the broad strip. Put a small brass hook back of each bow; screw two picture rings into the wall at proper distance apart, either perpendicularly or horizontally from each other, and suspend the rack from them.

By a careful arangement more photographs can be shown to a good advantage in this way than in any other.—Mrs. Tompkins.

Silk Quilt.

For the center of the blocks take a piece of lemon colored satin or silk, four inches square. Baste this in the middle of an eight-sided piece of cotton cloth of the size you wish your blocks to be when finished. At each of the four sides of the satin square sew a fold of silk or satin a shade or two darker than the center, and cross the corners with folds of black velvet, taking care to keep true to the shape of the octagon. Outside this row, put another of the light satin, letting the edges overlap as in "log-cabin" work; then another of the darker satin and vel-



vet, alternating until the cotton block is covered.

When the blocks are finished join them with squares of black velvet, as shown in the illustration.

Shades of pink or blue also combine nicely with the velvet, and if a tiny flower in the prevailing color is embroidered in the black square, it adds much to the effect.—Elsa Fuchs.

Baby's Knitted Cap.
(By request.)

In knitting this cap use two needles of ordinary size. About one ball and a half of knitting silk will be needed. Cast on 141 stitches.

First row—Sl 1, p across. Second row—Sl 1, k across. Third row—Sl 1, p across. Fourth row—Sl 1, p across. Fifth row—Sl and b, k 3, th o, p 1, th o, * k 3, sl 1, n and b, k 3, th o, p 1, th o; repeat from * 12 times, then sl and b. Sixth row—Sl 1, p 4 (purl the thread thrown over in last row same as stitches) * k 1, p 9; repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat fifth and sixth rows 4 times. Then repeat the whole pattern 4 times. In the last purled row, in the last pattern narrow 13 times at equal distances apart In the next row * k 2, p 2, repeat from across the row.

Continue to knit the knitted stitches

and purl the purled stitches until you have knit about three-quarters of an inch. Then narrow again by pulling every two purled stitches together across the row. Knit again until you have knit about half an inch. Then narrow by knitting every two knitted stitches together across the row. Then knit plain for half an inch. Then knit across plain, narowing at every tenth and eleventh stitches. Then purl across, narrowing in between the narrowing of last row

Now cut off your silk, leaving a long thread; thread this into a darning needle and pass the thread through the stitches to draw the work together as tightly as possible. If the hole left is too large to look well, darn it with a lace stitch. Then sew the edges of the ribbed part and one of the patterns together, thus forming the crown of the cap. Now cast on 101 stitches, and knit as follows:

First row—Sl 1, p across. Second row—Sl 1, k across. Third row—Sl 1, p across. Fourth row—Sl 1, p across Fifth row—Sl and b, k 3, th o, p 1, th o * k 3, sl 1, n and b, k 3, th o, p 1, th o repeat from * 8 times, then sl and b Sixth row—Sl 1, p 4, * k 1, p 9; repeat from * to end of row. Then bind off.

Now sew this section (fulling it in a little) across the neck of the cap for a curtain, sewing the ends to first pattern around the face of the cap.—Deline ator.

I wonder if all of the Cozy Corner friends are having such beautiful weather to-day, where they live as we are in Toledo? If so, I am certain there will not be a full attendance at our meeting, for it is so pleasant that one longs to be out of doors to enjoy the bright sunshine and the mild air, so refreshing after the severe cold weather of winter. It reminds us of the coming spring, and of the attendant birds and flowers, and the spring work that comes to all housekeepers, and especially to the mothers of school children whose clothing must be prepared in advance of the season.

While I was enjoying the day so much, a neighbor came in to see me, and said: "Yes, it is a nice enough day, but it is unseasonable, and we shall have much more unpleasant weather before summer." Now, just think how much of pleasure and comfort that person is losing out of her life, by not enjoying the good things that come to her, and always looking forward to the unpleasant ones that may arrive.

In making dresses this spring do not forget the very useful and desirable stock collars. They can be made of ribbon, silk, satin ar any thing you please; they require but very little material and the expense and time used in constructing them does not compare with their desirability. By their aid several changes of toilet can be made with the same dress, and they will brighten up a plain, sober colored gown amazingly. Wide square collars of silk of some desirable, harmonizing color covered with plain net, and with a ruffle of lace put on very full across the shoulders and plainly across the front and back, will make a plain dress sufficiently smart for any small evening entertainment. Chiffon puffed around the edge of a collar made of lace insertion and ribbon, is very pretty and becoming to nearly every one, softening as it does, the features. Dresden silk collars with a narrow lace edge are dainty and not too much "dressed up" for common wear. These wide collars can be cut by a yoke pattern, or from the upper part of any well fitting dress pattern. The high stock collar of the dress is made removable so these fancy ones may be substituted when necessary.

Another pretty fashion that is returning to favor with the younger women is that of dainty white aprons for home wear. Some of these are exceedingly beautiful combinations of lace and muslin; some are of white or cream silk, hem-stitched on both sides and across the bottom, and finished with wide lace. One that I saw was of the cream silk with a vine of buds, roses and leaves embroidered in the natural colors; another was a similar design on black silk. For persons who are inclined to stoutness, the apron should be made with a pointed or rounded yoke at the top and the fullness gathered on to that. Deep muslin cuffs and collars finished with lace are sometimes worn with these aprons, and give a very coquettish finish to the toilet.

With the spring-like weather comes a loss of the appetite with the school girls, and it requires much consideration on the mother's part to provide a school luncheon that will tempt the girls. The first thing to think of is something appetizing to look at and strengthening to eat. Sandwiches of thin—do not forget the word in making sandwiches—bread and butter with chopped or potted meats, cheese, peanuts in mayonnaise, or egg are most always acceptable when daintily prepared and wrapped in waxed paper. Pickles satisfy the craving for something sour, and for the sweets, there is an endless variety of cakes and cookies. The variety of crackers now to be obtained add much to the luncheon possibilities, and fruit is always in order. Is she can obtain boiling water, let the school girl have a jar of meat extract and prepare for herself a cup of bouillon; it will rest her and give her more strength for her afternoon work than anything else. Chocolate and cocoa can also be easily prepared if one has access to some place where boiling water may be obtained. I have often wondered why some capable woman did not open a room near a school where the pupils could have these accommodations, and, for a small sum, have a convenient and pleasant place in which to eat their home luncheons. One more thought, do not forget to pack this luncheon in a dainty box or basket, and put in a napkin.

Some days ago, when we were having almost zero weather, with rain, wind and snow accompaniment, the following letter came from Mrs. Harrison, who seems to have found the Garden of Eden, U. S. A., in some respects. For the benefit of our readers we give the letter entire, as it is too good to lose any of it.

Life may have been lovely in Eden, the golden apples in the gardens of the Hesperides may have charmed the eyes, but at St. Andrews, with a sunny sky, a sailing breeze, a trim boat with a sailor boy at the helm, a well-filled lunch basket, a few matches, a visit to some of the oyster banks, a landing upon some one of the points of picturesque East Bay, a fire to roast the lucious bivalve, and dinner in the soft balmy open air, with the magnificent panorama of the bay before the eye, will convince the most misanthropical that life is still worth the living and this is not the meanest age of men's existence. As our craft heads down the bay, at the Gulf Pass, seven miles away, the spray from big waves breaking upon the silver sands, fills the air with a white mist, which, like the mirage of the desert, deceives the eye and looks like veritable "castles upon the sands." Our boat is running upon the starboard tack, but as we pass Redfish Point, the command from our young captain rings out: 'Hard-a-lee!' The helm is put down, passengers change sides on the boat, which comes up into the wind, jibes, the boom swings, the sail fills, and we bear away on the other tack for the oyster banks. I may get some of my nautical terms slightly mixed, but the experienced sailor will make the proper corrections, and for the landlubber it doesn't matter a single reef in the topsail.

The banks are reached; an hour's labor and our craft is loaded with all the oysters we care to take, and the captain heads the boat for the main land shore of East Bay, and we land on the point just above Watson's Bayou. The fire is built and dinner served, and then an after dinner siesta, and your scribe falls into a reflective, musing mood, and my train of thoughts runs this wise.

Here upon the shores of this beautiful bay is room for settlers; here is room for happy homes; cheap lands, $5, $7, $8, $10 per acre with some improvements made and cabin built. There is usually a compensation in nature; the sturdy, pilgrim settler at Plymouth Rock and Virginia supplemented his scanty stores with the fish and clams of the Massachusetts coast until he could subdue the soil and raise a crop; the fish and oysters of this bay would be of equal help to the settler here, until his trees and vines should come into bearing. Here is an abundance of fuel, cheap lumber, nature is kind, and the climate a benediction. A flock of sheep to crop the rough herbage, or the Bermuda grass of the pine woods would add to his income, the little native cow, or the still less, Guiana cow, would supply him with milk. But of the cow, as the lamented John Phoenix remarked of the mule, "thereby hangs a tale." In ante bellum times there lived upon the shores of East Bay a Dr. Keyes, he was a lover of horticulture, fond of fruits and flowers, kind to his slaves, courteous and hospitable to his neighbors ,a gentleman of the old school, a firm believer in Jefferson Davis and state rights, and when the struggle came he espoused the confederate cause with enthusiasm and arms, and went for the last ditch, but somehow missed it. When the confederacy had lapsed the old doctor felt that he could never again live under the old flag; he took his gripsack and went to South America, to Guiana.

But time heals many wounds and softens many asperities. As the years rolled by the old doctor yearned for his old home, the land of his nativity, the home of his youth and early manhood. He returned. He brought with him the Guiana cow. From the northern shores of South America to the peninsula of Florida, the acclimation was easy, the adaptation perfect. Small, compact, smooth, docile and tractable, rich in milk, what the Jersey cow is to the North, the Guiana cow is to Florida, a perfect treasure. The years have come and gone, old Father Time with his scythe, grim and relentless as he is, reaped the good doctor like a sheaf of well ripened wheat (although he was rather green when he left this country for South America), and now, the old doctor, thoroughly reconstructed, from a seat on high (let us hope) looks down upon "Jacob's threshing floors" and the "lost cause" in which he was flailed, with the calm content of the true philosopher. Let the Guiana cow be his epitaph and monument.

The cry of "all aboard" rouses me from my reverie; we gather our things and start for the boat into which we scramble, the sails are loosened, our young captain grasps the helm and with a free sheet and a fair wind, our trim craft glides swiftly over the dancing waves and home is soon reached, and at night when I retire, I thank the good Lord that when he was creating he created St. Andrews Bay.

And in spite of this beautiful land waiting for them there be people who will wear their lives out in a vain endeavor to overcome tempests and cyclones yearly, forest fires and crop failures in some other state.

A new friend—Lutie Luther—comes today with cheering and comforting words of praise for the correspondents of the Cozy Corner, and leaves with us for the comfort of weary mothers the following exquisite gem:

"God thought to give the sweetest thing
In his almighty power,
To earth, and deeply pondering
What it should be, one hour,
In fondest joy, and love of heart,
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of heaven apart
And gave to earth—a mother.

Mamie Du Val gives an interesting bit of her experience. She will please excuse the editor for not giving the whole of her letter, as to do so would transgress our rules in regard to free advertising and private correspondence.

I would like to enter the Cozy Corner, for I want to say to Mrs. E. E. W., it is not God's will that you should be sick. I walked on crutches for a year and eight months, now I can walk without them. It was done through simple faith in God.

E. T. gives us her idea on the subject of miscellaneous reading as follows:

I make it a practice to read those books only that will benefit me in some way. It seems to me like time thrown away to read trashy love stories or books that simply amuse. Who has read Drummond's addresses and Beside the Bonny Brier Bush, by Ian Mclaren?

Now then, young people, you who are just married, or who expect soon to be, here is a good example for you to follow. This is taken from a private letter from Lillie Garrison, whom we are sure will pardon the liberty we take in publishing it, for the sake of the suggestion it may have for other young people.

My husband subscribed for The Blade the week after we were married in '86, and we have not been without it in all ups and downs in ten years of married life, and hope never to be. I have saved the best of the poetry that has been printed in it and have a nice scrapbook. I should like to visit with the folks in the Cozy Corner, but there is nothing I can say, I am sure, that won't be of any interest to them, but I do enjoy reading what they write.

As to carrying the pocketbook the women of this out of a way place don't care to do, it is so empty most of the time. I don't mean to say we are so very poor, but we are so far from town we never notice money more than once a year, just before Christmas for instance. I thank Miss Bouton for the many hours of pleasure I have enjoyed in reading her articles and send the best of wishes to her and to all of you who help to make The Blade so nice.

E. T. asks of the knowing ones in the Cozy Corner what she shall do to kill the worms that affect her plants. As they are mostly valuable palms, she does not wish to experiment with them, and trusts that she will obtain reliable information from our flower lovers.

Emma Breece wishes a recipe for making rhubarb wine, and to know how it can be made into other kinds of wine. Who will tell her?

Country Boy is curious to know where and when the first railroad was built in the United States, and where was the first telegraph.

The interest in United States history seems greater than usual just now, for here is a School Girl who asks when the first English women—except those on the Mayflower—came to America.

Ambition:—To be eligible to the office of President of the United States a man must be at least 35 years of age. As you say you are but 18, you will have plenty of time to prepare yourself for the office you are aiming for. Do I think you "stand a good chance of reaching that high position." Of course you do, as good a chance as any other boy, but you must remember that it will not rest entirely upon your own "will and determination," your fellow voters will have somewhat to say in the matter, but it is a good thing to set your mark high and strive (honestly) for the best things always.

Alice D. informs Mrs. D. that astrachan fur is the wool of very young lambs, and is obtained only from Astrakahn, a country in Russia. There is an imitation made of wool that is commonly used. The real astrachan fur is very expensive.

An answer to Geo. A. Bailey's request will appear next week.

The hostess of the Cozy Corner will be glad to have the friends bring questions which puzzle them to answer. These questions may refer to the home, to books, to any and everything of interest to any part of the Household. Write your own convictions if it is something upon the ethical or moral side of life and ask others for theirs.

The answers to the question of what constitutes a home are pouring in rapidly. The prize book is Amelia E. Barr's latest novel, Bonnicla. Mrs. Barr's books are always worth reading.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Some Old Customs Described and a Celebration Suggested.

"To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I, a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

It would seem from this quotation from "Hamlet" that poor, crazy Ophelia was taking advantage of leap year privileges, but she was not the only woman who has thought of St. Valentine's day as an opportunity of gaining a lover. From time immemorial women, old and young, have looked for the coming man on this day, with more than ordinary eagerness and the bashful swain as eagerly accepts this opportunity of expressing the thoughts of love that he cannot find courage to speak, to the "dearest girl in the world."

In some countries the belief obtains that the first man a young woman sees on the morning of Feb. 14th, will be her true lover and husband, and the shrewd damsel takes good care to keep her eyes closed till the right man appears. One of the customs that have been handed down to us from very ancient times is of Persian origin and gives on this day to the fair sex the very singular, and very desirable, privilege of absolute power; husbands obeyed their wives in all things and it was considered no offense to delicately for the maidens to pay very marked attention to the young men. The result was the announcement in the society (?) papers of the day of numerous engagements, and of great activity in the matrimonial market. One very heroic custom was similar to our Hallowe'en trick; a maiden who felt undue anxiety as to the personal appearance of her future spouse, could be gratified if she would eat, just before retiring, a hard boiled egg (shell and all), from which the yolk had been removed and its place filled with salt. It is safe to say that unless one was blessed with exceptionally good digestion she would not care to marry one resembling the dreams resulting from a late supper of egg shells and salt.

The sending of valentines is not confined to missives overflowing with bleeding hearts, wicked looking darts and impossibly plump Cupids who remind one of the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," but under the name of valentines, many valuable gifts are sent, making the life of the postman a burden to him for one, or two days. Books, music, flowers and candy are among the most popular of these gifts for children of advanced years (from 14 to 40, for instance), while younger children are delighted with almost anything.

It is needless to say that the so-called comic Valentines that aim to ridicule any infirmity, or peculiarity of the person to whom they are sent, are not to be even mentioned, or thought of, by those who claim to be ladies and gentlemen.

At a Valentine party the decorations, favors, etc., are hearts and darts of course. The refreshments, usually cake and cream, are served in heart shapes and in all things the commonly accepted idea of St. Valentine as the patron saint of true lovers must be observed. There is usually a postoffice box placed in some convenient spot to receive the Valentines and a postmaster who has his commission from Cupid, instead of President Cleveland, will at the proper time, deliver this mysterious mail to the proper addressee. Much amusement may be had when small gifts are sent, if they are each done up in several wrappers, each wrapper being directed to a different member of the party; as they are opened they are passed to the one whose name next appears, till they reach their rightful owner whose name will be found on the wrapper next to the gift. If one has the gift of rhyme making, and can write an appropriate couplet on each successive wrapper, it will add greatly to the amusement.

Partners for the evening may be selected by having hearts of card-board, containing quotations from the poets—Mother Goose being very appropriate for such occasions—the lady reading the couplet on her heart, the gentleman who has the remainder of the quotation being her devoted attendant for the evening. A thoughtful and observing hostess will be able to arrange so that true hearts will fall into the right hands to insure a pleasant partner for every one.

It must not be thought that this expression of the tender passion is altogether confined to young and frivolous persons, for among the names of those who have written poems that would be very suitable for valentines, expressing as they do, such an appreciation of the mental and physical charms of some fair lady, we find those of Byron, Moore, Oliver Wendell Holmes, bishops of the church, eminent physicians and even our serious Ralph Waldo Emerson thought it not derogatory to his dignity to indite a poem to one whom he addresses thus:

"Oh fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies
At the same torch that lighted mine;"—

proving that there is a touch of sentiment in our hearts that proves the whole world kin, and blessed be St. Valentine, who gives us a yearly excuse to give expression to this sentiment.—Sophie F. Waldron.

The above article is given early so that those who desire to "celebrate" may have the benefit of the suggestions contained therein.—Ed.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

SUBJECT FOR FEBRUARY DISCUSSION

Given by Miss Maude Kinnard, of Lancaster, the New President for Ohio.

"Resolved: That Cordelia, the daughter of King Lear, is a specimen of ideal womanhood, and why?"

This is a good question for general discussion, and Miss Prudence hopes that the reports from all the states will be so full and complete that the month's bannership will be hotly contested.

Next week will be given the portrait and sketch of the Montana president, Mr. J. Frank Cooper, of Darby, known to the M. G. R.'s as "Lapsus Calimi."

As this is the first appearance of the new order of things in the column, the Chaperone thinks best to give a little space to the "Presidential list," and asks every member to cut out these names and put them in a safe and convenient place for reference, so that she will not have to repeat the information except for the benefit of new-comers:

Colorado—Miss Josephine Williams Denver.
Indiana—Miss Laura Gibson, Delphi.
Illinois—Miss Victoria Green, Toledo.
Iowa—Miss Carrie M. Kepner, Independence, care of Hospital.
Kansas—Mr. Will C. Millikan, Independence.
Michigan—Miss Lela A. Peterson, Brooklyn.
Missouri—Miss Flora Culver, Dawn.
Minnesota—Mr. E. Farncis Atwood, Simpson.
Montana—Mr. J. Frank Cooper, Darby.
Nebraska—Mr. S. S. Kaufman, Gothenburg.
New York—Miss Margarete Williams, Box 78, Adams Centre.
Ohio—Miss Maude Kinnard, Lancaster.
Oregon—Miss Nora W. Sydon, Central Point.
Pennsylvania—Mr. R. M. Humphrey, Fisher.
South Dakota—Mrs. Annie M. Beals, Alcester.
Tennessee—Mr. Newton C. Myers, Myers.
West Virginia—Miss Mary L. Matlick, Cecil.
Wisconsin—Mrs. G. W. Cook, Black River Falls.
Washington—Mr. Frank Goodwin, Walla Walla.

Remember all opinions on the subject are to be sent to your state president, who will edit and forward them to the Chaperone, who will select the best report made for publication in The Blade.

Remember also that "Brevity is the soul of wit," and if you wish your state to win the February bannership make your communications concise and to the point.

The new members admitted to the M. G. R. this week were, Villa Knox, S. Society, Pa. Girl, Badger, P. M. S. and Dimple.

The old members who met to comment on matters and things were: Chinook Wind, Min Eva M., Virginia Charlie, Bachelor, Sea Breeze, Sister Phebe, Ozone, Pauline, Hope, Cara Mia, Isabel, Evelyn, Sirayo and Boadicea.

Will "Ellen" please send her full name and address if she wishes to join the M. G. R.?

Eva M.:—Send 50 cents to "The Blade, Toledo, O.," and the badge will be forthcoming.

Virginia Charlie:—Your state has eight members.

Sea Breeze:—Thank you very much for the nosegay; it is quite bright and truly a "curiosity" here where "January flowers" do not grow.

Ozone:—Thanks for good wishes. N. Dakota has three members.

Pauline, Wis., congratulates those having charge of the Christmas entertainment, upon its success, and thanks every one who remembered her, being especially pleased with the silver letter box and the "taffy" given her by Terence.

Isabel:—Miss Prudence enjoyed your "cream" immensely, but it was a little too long for publication.

Evelyn agrees with Bluebell concerning the conduct of a lady, and urges upon her M. G. R. friends the advantages of education, of gataing knowledge in all possible ways.

Sirayo:—There are nine members in California.

E. B. Wood:—Please choose another nom, as that is already in use in the M. G. R. column.

Ladger:—Thank you for your pleasant words.

Villa Knox:—You are very welcome indeed, and will find an answer to your question in the list at the head of the column.

F. M. S.:—Postal card correspondence cannot be used in the column; come again.

S. Society, Ill.:—"I would like to present a new question for discussion if you deem it worthy of notice. It is the rights and wrongs of secret societies, many people thinking it un-Christian like to belong to such orders. I would say in regard to marrying that money will enable one to do many things, but love will do more toward making a happy and contented home-life than anything else."

Pa. Girl, Pa.:—"How many of the M. G. R.'s attended the G. A. R. encampment at Louisville last September? I did, and there met at the Loyal Home Workers reunion 'Trew Blew' of M. G. R. fame. He is one of our loyal Southern boys, and were you acquainted with him you would say he justly deserves his title."

Badger, Wis.:—"I agree with Forsaken regarding woman's influence in case she could vote, and think she should have a practical business education, or some occupation by which she could make her living in case it was necessary. I think 'Bob Burleigh's Farm' the best serial The Blade printed in 1895."

Sirayo, Cal.:—"I agree with Phrenologist that the ladies far outreach us in tongue power, and in answer to Lillie think it depends a good deal on the class of correspondence; however, I should not like my sister to do so. I agree with Edwin that marriage is not a failure unless the parties to the holy contract make it so, and like Forest Neeley. I have been so unfortunate as to be taken for a young lady, whereas I am a man."

Ozone, N. D.:—"I glory in Em. T. Head's spunk, but think she is casting a slur on the boys which they do not deserve, as the most severe and egotistical critics are of her own sex. Hawkeye would do well not to bring up the Indian question for discussion if he wishes to keep peace among the M. G. R.'s."

Sister Phebe, Ill.:—"I have wondered and wondered what made some of those boys (notably Phrenologist) have such a poor opinion of us, and have come to the conclusion that probably they have been 'tackled' by their favorite member of the 'peevish set,' and therefore have formed a bad idea of us. What do you think, girls?"

Sea Breeze, Oregon:—"Peekaboo, I spent the greater part of my life in Kansas, and have seen worse dust storms than you describe, lasting all day, and in spite of my efforts to keep the house closed up tightly, covering everything with dust almost thick enough to make garden in. I have seen the cyclones, too! We have spent four years in Oregon, and like it here much better. Will some one send the words to the song entitled "The Ship that Never Returned?"

The invitation and bill of fare was gratefully enjoyed in spirit, but had to be omitted for lack of space.

Va. Charlie, Va.:—"I think if the M. G. R. order increases in membership in '96 as in '95, we must have a page of The Blade instead of two columns. If Miss Prudence thinks none of her girls could be caught as W. Va. suggested, by making unexpected calls, could any of them be seen chewing gum?"

Miss Eva M., Iowa:—"I, for one, can truly say that I read the Bible with interest. As the days pass by I am trying to do as Miss Prudence wishes and our motto teaches. At present I am a country school girl. I agree with Bud, W. Va., and will try to be ever ready and prompt."

Hope, Iowa:—"I am an attendant at the Iowa Hospital for the Insane, situated about two miles from Independence. The young people of the place have organized a C. E. society, of which I am an active member. We have our meetings on Saturday evening, as most of us can get off duty more easily then than on Sunday. We have 23 active and as many more associate members."

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

A Good Salad Pleases the Palate of Everybody.

It seems as if a salad of some kind is necessary to complete a dinner for nearly every person. There are some, of course who do not care for this, but to the majority of eaters it is one of the essentials And the variety of salads that are served is something wonderful. This week Mrs McD. Seward sends to The Blade a recipe which she says is a great favorite in her native country, in whose honor she has christened it

Swedish Salad.

Wash, trim and soak over night, in cold water a good sized mackerel. In the morning cover it with boiling water, and let it simmer for 30 minutes. Drain, and cut in small pieces. Cut into dice, sufficient cold roast beef, or other cooked meat, to make 1 pt. Mix the fish and the meat, add 2 potatoes sliced; 1 tablespoonful of chopped gherkins; 1, of chopped onion; 12 olives, stoned, and 2 finely chopped, hard-boiled eggs. Mix thoroughly, lay 1 dozen oysters over the top of this mixture, and cover with a mayonnaise, or French salad dressing.

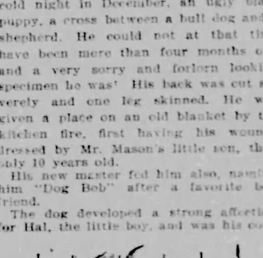
In response to an inquiry as to how sauerkraut can be used, other than boiling with pork, or beef, we give a recipe from Mrs. Rover, for

German Salad.

Throw a pint of sauerkraut into boiling water for five minutes. Drain and wash in cold water. Cut into shreds, sufficient red cabbage to make 1 pt.; mix this with the kraut, add 1 good-sized onion chopped fine, 1 tablespoonful chopped chervil and 1 tablespoonful of grated horse radish. Mix it all well together in a salad bowl, cover with French dressing and serve.

To Cook Salsify, or Oyster Plant.

Take 1 doz. salsify roots, scrape and cut in thin slices and cover with 1 pt. of boiling water, boil slowly 1 hr. Add to this 1 qt. of milk and stir in 1 tablespoonful of butter rubbed smooth in 3 tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir constantly until it boils, season to taste with salt and pepper and serve immediately, with crackers.



THE KEY OF THE CAMPHOR CHEST.

Faint ring at the door-bell.
"A child," my sad heart said.
"The hand is small and trembling,
Or weak for want of bread."

And when the bell was answered,
A child scarce ten years old—
Whose clothes were thin and threadbare—
Stood shivering in the cold.

Two little shoes with toes out,
Two little hands both red,
Oh, dear, sad eyes! how wistful,
Longing, yet filled with dread.

"If you've some clothes for children"—
She seemed quite numb with fear—
"You see I haven't any"
And, waiting dropped a tear.

This lowly child I looked at,
"The camphor chest," I said.
"Its soft warm furs and clothing
Not needed by my dead."

I took her hand, 'twas trembling,
And led her to the chest.
Must I unlock my heart's grief
To help this child—God's guest?

I took a soft warm bonnet,
With fresh bowknots of lace,
And tying on, I whispered,
"Let mother keep that face!"

Her cold thin hands transparent,
These gloves seemed just to fit;
Her sweet eyes lost their sadness,
And smiles began to flit.

Shoes hardly worn, and stockings,
Soft flannels, frock, and furs—
"You, little girl, are welcome;
All of them once were hers."

The chest will soon be empty,
For have had found the key;
I hear Him gently whisper,
"Ye did it unto Me."

—H. B. B.

DOG BOB.

He followed Mr. Mason home one very cold night in December, an ugly black puppy, a cross between a bull dog and a shepherd. He could not at that time have been more than four months old, and a very sorry and forlorn looking specimen he was! His back was cut severely and one leg skinned. He was given a place on an old blanket by the kitchen fire, first having his wounds dressed by Mr. Mason's little son, then only 10 years old.

His new master fed him also, naming him "Dog Bob" after a favorite boy friend.

The dog developed a strong affection for Hal, the little boy, and was his con-

stant companion from this time on. Hal went to school and Dog Bob had to be shut up often day so that he would not follow. Previous to this, however, Mr. Mason had duly advertised that such a dog had been found but none came to claim him. Hal, too, was constantly on the watch for an "owner," but he secretly hoped that none would be found. Several months passed by and the family had by this time grown much attached to the "waif and the stray." He was an excellent watch dog and far more sagacious than his personal appearance would indicate. He learned to ring the bell with a short, quick tap in direct imitation of an old man, a neighbor of the Mason's. This he did at such long intervals and always at night, that the family had in the meantime forgotten the trick and would always go to let him in.

The family had a son who was an engineer, he had charge of a switch engine and often passed his home, which was near a crossing, and only two squares below where the engine "took water." When Tom Mason worked at night he took a lunch basket from home, when he worked in the day time he came home to his meals. Dog Bob was very fond of the young engineer, following him to the corner where the engine stopped for him on its way to the "yards;" waiting and watching for him there until his return. It happened on one occasion that the young man had to go in the evening before his lunch was ready. The basket was prepared and Hal, the brother, was to take it to the station where

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

The Pearl Bryan Case Up to the Present Time.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 11.—The following is a resume of the Pearl Bryan murder mystery up to date:

On the morning of Saturday, February 1 the headless body of a young woman was found lying on the side of a quiet country road within a short distance of Ft. Thomas, Ky., which is situated back of Newport, opposite this city.

At 8 o'clock on that Saturday morning John Hewitt, a boy employed near Ft. Thomas, three miles southeast of Cincinnati, started across the fields toward his employer's house. He climbed a fence at the very edge of the farmer's yard. At this point there is a steep bank, fringed thickly with privet bushes. As Hewitt jumped down from the fence and turned around he saw at the foot of the bank the dead body of a woman, headless, and lying in a pool of blood.

Horror stricken, he ran to the house and gave the alarm. A few broken branches, foot prints in the soft soil, and the blood stains spattered about told mutely the tale of the murder. The body was at once taken to the Newport morgue, and then the work of running down the murderers of the girl began.

The clothing, with the exception of the shoes, was of the cheapest description. The corset, marked with bloody fingers, was almost new. It had been removed from the body, and was lying near by. The shoes were black cloth tops, size No. 3, and upon them the mark of "Lewis & Hayes, Greencastle, Ind.," was stamped. This proved to be the most important clew found. The stockings she had on were black woolen ones, and she wore black garters with plated buckles. She wore a gray suit of union underwear and a dark blue flannel skirt.

SCOTT JACKSON.

Her dress was a wrapper of green, white and black goods of the cheapest quality.

Arthur Carter, of Seymour, Ind., arrived with his trio of famous bloodhounds. They followed the scent as far as the Covington reservoir, when they lost it and were unable to gain it again. In the hope that the head might be found in this body of water the reservoir was drained on Monday, involving an expense of about $2,000, but the head was not discovered, and the hardworking earnest detectives and Sheriff Plummer were apparently baffled.

When Dr. Carothers, of Newport, assisted by several other physicians, made a post mortem, an important link in solving the dark and dreadful mystery was gained. It was found that the poor girl would soon have become a mother. The manner in which the head had been severed from the body seemed to indicate that the wretch who had done the work had some knowledge of surgery. It was concluded from all the developments on the first two days that the woman was murdered on Friday night or early on Saturday morning, but it could not be determined whether she had been killed somewhere else and carried to the spot where the body was found or butchered on that lonely road at an hour when all decent people were asleep.

L. D. Poock, a shoe merchant in Newport, displayed more than ordinary interest in the case. His professional eye detected a peculiarity about the shoes that led him to believe they had been made in Portsmouth. Inquiry at Portsmouth developed that the entire lot, of which they were a pair, had been made there, and shipped to Greencastle, where they were sold. Monday morning following the discovery of the body, Detectives Crim and McDermott and Sheriff Plummer left for Greencastle. They took with them the girl's clothing and the shoes. At the store of Louis & Hayes it was found that the entire lot of shoes, one dozen pairs, had been purchased by them from Portsmouth. Nine of these pairs had been sold, and all but two purchasers were readily accounted for. Then an attempt was made to locate these two pairs, one of which had, without doubt, been worn by the murdered girl.

Then A. W. Early, a telegraph operator at Greencastle, sent for the detectives and related a peculiar story. He said he was a friend of Will Wood, a young man of Greencastle, the son of a well-known Methodist minister. Wood had told Early that he had received letters from Scott Jackson, of Cincinnati, concerning the interesting condition of Pearl Bryan. Wood said that it was necessary to have an operation performed, and that Pearl was going to Cincinnati, where Jackson said he would have a friend, a surgeon and chemist, he said, take care of the girl.

With this information the detectives took the unfortunate girl's clothing to the Bryan homestead, near Greencastle. There a most pathetic scene was enacted. Every particle of clothing was identified as belonging to Pearl Bryan. Pearl, her folks said, had left home a week previous to visit a friend at Indianapolis, and had not returned. A letter was sent to Indianapolis, to which the reply came that Pearl was not there, and had not been there. Then the awful truth dawned upon her aged parents and her brothers and sisters. The murdered girl was Pearl Bryan.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bryan, are among the pioneers of this section of Indiana. They moved in the very best circles of society, and not a shadow of shame or disgrace had ever crossed their house.

Detectives Crim and McDermott and the sheriff hurried back to Greencastle and telegraphed Chief Deitsch to arrest Scott Jackson and charge him with murder, which was done. Jackson was a student at a dental college. The next day, his roommate, Alonzo Walling, was also arrested.

Thursday night Detectives Crim and McDermott and Sheriff Plummer arrived in the city with Will Wood, whom they had arrested in South Bend, Ind. He denied any knowledge of the murder, but admitted that he had sent Pearl Bryan to Cincinnati to have an operation performed. He was released on his recognizance that night, but later was made to give a bond of $5,000 on a charge of assisting in a criminal operation.

It developed that Jackson and Walling had been in the saloon of William Wallingford on Friday night, January 31, with Pearl Bryan. The colored porter of the place positively identified them, and his description of the woman tallied exactly with that of the murdered girl. Wallingford said that Jackson remarked to him on that occasion that he would like to have a woman's head to dissect. Later in the evening he borrowed $2 from him to pay for a cab. Alonzo Walling acknowledged that he was at the saloon at the time mentioned, but Jackson denies it.

Confronted with the strong chain of circumstances pointing to their guilt the two chief participants in the damnable crime began to weaken and charged each other with the deed. Walling and Jackson told numerous stories to the mayor and police authorities which they considered in the nature of confessions. Walling declared that he knew Jackson had killed the girl by a hypodermic injection of prussic acid or cocaine, he wasn't sure which, while Jackson stoutly maintained that Walling had agreed to perform a criminal operation and that he had killed Miss Bryan. Each blames the other. Neither will tell how or where the crime was committed, or whether it was done before going across the river or afterward. Nor have the police been able to wring from them how they conveyed the body to where it was found. On the subject of the missing head they remain "mum." Walling says that Jackson wielded the fatal knife that severed the head from the body, and Jackson, with the most solemn oath, asserts that his roommate did the awful act.

From Saturday morning until almost the time of his arrest Jackson carried around with him a valise, which, when secured, was found to contain blood stains. It is almost certain that this valise held the grewsome trophy of his fiendishness, which he disposed of in some way not yet accounted for.

Walling, in one of his talks to the police, said that the head had been buried on the Dayton sandbar, and that territory was thoroughly explored, but with no result.

A distressing feature of the fiendish crime is that nearly all the participants in it belong to good families, who are made to suffer for the sins of wayward children. Pearl Bryan was a pretty blonde, 23 years of age. Jackson is said to have accomplished her ruin last fall. Alonzo Walling is a member of a highly esteemed family at Hamilton, Ohio, and is about 25 years old. The most important figure, Scott Jackson, is 26 years old, about five feet eight inches in height, and weighs 135 pounds. William Wood, whose father, Rev. Mr. Wood, is presiding elder of the Methodist church of the Greencastle district, is only 20 years old, but a wild lad, whose nasty, jibdd letters to Jackson concerning women have put him in a most unfavorable light.

The problem how and where the girl was killed is a perplexing one. The missing head is being continuously searched for, as is the fur cape which the young woman is said to have worn, and which is missing. The jurisdiction of the Ohio and Kentucky authorities is involved in the question whether Miss Bryan was murdered on the Ohio side of the river or at Ft. Thomas. If at the latter place the murderers would be taken to Newport for trial, but if not there would be tried in the courts of Cincinnati. The most important and interesting question of all is: "Who actually committed the deed?" Was it Walling or Jackson, and what part did each take in it?

It was believed that Jackson and Walling conveyed Miss Bryan across the river in a cab, and the police have been using every means to try and find the man who drove that cab. On Sunday, however, her body was found hidden on the line of the electric street railway from Newport to Ft. Thomas, and it may be they took her out on a car.

An important item is the result of the second post mortem made of the body by the Newport doctors, who now profess the opinion that the girl bled to death and was not killed by a drug as is asserted by Walling.

On Monday Miss May Lulu Hollingsworth, of Indianapolis, was arrested. It says that when Pearl Bryan went to Cincinnati she started off at Indianapolis that Miss Hollingsworth bought drugs for her, which she took in that city. She says she had a letter from Jackson in which he said Miss Bryan died in his room; that he hired a horse and buggy and employed a negro to assist him. The negro, with the body of Miss Bryan, drove to Ft. Thomas, where Jackson was in waiting. The negro cut off the head of the young woman with a cleaver and Jackson threw it into the river from the suspension bridge. The police believe Miss Hollingsworth is a notoriety seeker and discredit her story.

—If you would always be healthy, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier.

KENTUCKY SENATORSHIP.

A Move to Combine on an Anti-Blackburn Candidate.

Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 10.—The potential politics of the Blackburn-Hunter Senatorial contest appear in a new light. A diplomatic and mathematical campaign has taken the place of the bullying and fighting talk. When the time comes for the resumption of actual hostilities on Tuesday the necessity for bloodshed may have been removed by political diplomats. Dr. Hunter and his aspirations occupy the central foreground of the new phase of the situation. The political atmosphere is pervaded by a vague, intangible and elusive but palpable feeling that there is left in the cards a deal to remove Dr. Hunter from the contest and substitute some other man.

This deal, if it be such in fact, emanates wholly from the solid straight Republicans and the anti-Blackburn workers. There are many points in the situation that make this new phase reasonable. A good many men of high standing in both parties sincerely regret the picture of the Kentucky legislature that has been presented to the country at large this week—that of state officials sworn to support the authority and dignity of the constitution standing ready to cut each other's throats in the legislative halls. The great mass of the people in the state are disgusted with the exhibition given here. The people want the legislature to elect a Senator or quit and go home.

The only course the Republicans can now pursue if they wish to avoid bloodshed and at the same time redeem their pledge to down Mr. Blackburn is to pick up some other candidate.

It has been suggested to the Republicans that under these conditions it is their duty to unite on the right sort of a Democrat and at one blow kill Senator Blackburn politically and wipe out the imputation of preventing the election of a Senator.

The Republicans have considered the advisability of resorting to a continuous joint assembly, with ballot after ballot for ten hours, instead of only one a day. Senator Ogilvie is a very sick man, and no Republican will pair with him. A continuous session would either kill Senator Ogilvie or so exhaust him that he could not remain to vote. Then with Mr. Poor voting with the Republicans, Dr. Hunter would be elected.

This is the desperate game of politics in Kentucky. On thte one hand the life of Senator Ogilvie, and on the other the lives of nobody knows how many hang in the balance. The Republicans are trying hard to elect a Senator without bloodshed. It can be done only by forcing Senator Ogilvie to his bed or his grave. But the scale soon must turn one way. If the Republicans do not make a touchdown in two or three days, their game is lost.

COLLISION NEAR A TUNNEL.

Fifteen Persons More or Less Seriously Hurt.

Hannibal, Mo., Feb. 10.—Fifteen persons were more or less seriously hurt and one cannot recover as the result of a collision at 12:40 Sunday afternoon between an eastbound Wabash stock train and a St. Louis, Keokuk & Northwestern passenger train coming south. The collision occurred near a tunnel one mile north of this city. The stock train which had just emerged from the tunnel, struck the passenger train crushing in the side of the ladies' coach and throwing it over an embankment almost into the Mississippi river. There were fifteen passengers in the coach. All were more or less bruised.

Responsibility for the collision is alleged to rest with the engineer of the Wabash train. He did not stop as law and instructions require before approaching the crossing. He stated that the air brakes failed, but it was found that his engine was not reversed. The damage will approximate $5,000.

OHIO REPUBLICANS.

Senator Joseph B. Foraker Will Be Temporary Chairman.

Columbus, O., Feb. 8.—The Republican state central committee met at the Neil House this morning and selected Columbus as the place, and March 10th as the date for holding the Republican state convention. Senator J. B. Foraker will be temporary chairman and J. P. Barden, of Painesville, temporary secretary.

Iowa's Beer War.

Davenport, Iowa, Feb. 6.—The beer war is two weeks old now and appears to be no nearer an end than ever. The Chicago, Mendota and Milwaukee companies continue to sell at $3 a barrel, their agents saying they do it at a loss, but are willing to sacrifice profit to increase their list of patrons. The home brewers stand out for $4 and $6 a barrel, while the Lemp company, of St. Louis, has refused to cut its old price of $7.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

W. H. ENGLISH DEAD.

Hancock's Runing Mate in 1880 Passed Away.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 7.—William H. English is dead. All last night his condition was critical. The most serious complication was heart difficulty. Yesterday he had several lapses that frightened his watchers. The night brought more serious phases, and all this forenoon improvement was looked for in vain, and now death has come.

William H. English was born in Lexington, Scott county, Indiana, Aug. 27,

HON. W. H. ENGLISH.

1822. He was the son of Elisha G. English, one of the pioneers of Indiana. He was educated in the common schools and at Hanover college, studied law and was admitted to practice in the United States Supreme court, all before he was 23 years old. He was elected to Congress in 1852 as a Democrat, and served from 1853 to 1861, when he resigned and engaged in banking. He was identified with legislation of that period, and was the author of the "English bill," in relation to the admission of Kansas as a free state. In 1880 Mr. English was unanimously nominated for Vice President on the ticket with Gen. Hancock by the Democratic national convention. He was for many years a regent of Smithsonian Institute, and later president of the Indiana Historical society.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 10.—The funeral of William H. English occurred from English's hotel, the late residence of the deceased, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock and was one of the largest ever held in this city. Mr. English was the wealthiest man in the city ,his property being estimated at from five to seven millions, and he has taken a prominent part in the affairs of Indiana for half a century.

LEFT LARGE ESTATE.

The Will of William H. English Disposes of About Five Millions.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 11.—The will of William H. English was probated yesterday. The estate is estimated to be worth $5,000,000. He gives $2,000 to Crown Hill cemetery, the interest to be used in keeping up the English monument; $2,500 to the Indiana Historical Society; $10,000 for the completion of the history of Indiana; to Miss Ruth Hedges, confidential clerk, $5,000 in money and certain real estate in this city—this to be accepted and receipted for as final settlement. The remainder of the estate is divided between his son and daughter. The son and daughter are made executor and executrix, to serve without bond. The provision looking to final settlement with the confidential clerk is supposed to preclude any contest even if one were contemplated.

IN TORRENTS.

Water Rushed From a Broken Main.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 11.—At an early hour this morning an immense water main burst with terrific force on Franklin Avenue hill, just west of Cuyahoga river, and with the great volume of water that poured out several hundred feet of the hill, on which were located many frame houses, were washed into the river.

A small one-story frame house, occupied by Mrs. Mary Ravey, 60 years old, No. 9 Franklin Hill, was inundated and with its contents was hurled into the river. Mrs. Ravey was drowned. Her body was recovered an hour later.

A New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio freight train was passing at the foot of the hill at the time, and the force of the water carried several cars into the river.

On the cars were three of the train crew, and the men were carried down with the cars. Two of the men jumped before the river was reached, and escaped but the the third was dumped into the river, and but for the assistance of the tender of the Columbus street bridge would have been drowned. The man was badly injured. Houses were washed along or dropped into a great pit scooped out by the raging water, and much damage done. Many narrow escapes from death are reported.

TWO STRANDED VESSELS.

Storm Destroyed the Florida and the Alliance.

Amesbury, Mass., Feb. 10.—The schooner Florida, coal laden for an Eastern port, is wrecked half a mile off Salisbury beach.

The Plum Island life saving crew attempted to reach the vessel with a line for the breeches buoy, but failed.

The Florida went to pieces at 10 o'clock last night when the masts gave way, letting the seven occupants into the sea. Two of the bodies were washed ashore, one that of a mulatto. The life saving crew could do nothing, as no boat could stand the sea. The vessel hails from Belfast, Me. She struck the sand bar near which she schooner Jennie M. Carter was wrecked a year ago. Big bonfires were built on the beach and attempts made by fishermen to reach the fated schooner.

Gloucester, Mass., Feb. 10.—The three-masted schooner Alliance, which left New York last Sunday, went ashore on Plum Island last night, and was stove to fragments, four of the crew being saved and three drowned. The schooner had 400 tons of coal for St. Johns, N. B., and was commanded by Captain Mellons.

IN OHIO'S SENATE.

The Dow Law Amended, Making the Saloon Tax $500.

Columbus, Feb. 5.—Another great temperance fight occurred in the Senate this morning over Mr. Dana's bill to increase the Dow tax to $350. The bill was reported favorably by the finance committee and then followed the liveliest parliamentary contest that has taken place in the present legislature.

Motions to postpone, amend, recess and adjourn followed fast, but the friends of the bill were in the ascendency and carried every point. By a vote of 20 to 16 the bill was amended, making the tax $500. It was then passed, 22 to 12, and a motion made by Mr. Avery to reconsider was lost by a vote of 17 yeas to 19 nays.

PRESIDENT'S CHILDREN

Will Be Trained by Miss Frieda Bethmann.

New York, Feb. 8.—A special to the World from Boston says: President Cleveland has selected to act as instructor to his children, Ruth and Esther, Miss Frieda M. Bethmann, a kindergarten instructor in the public schools of this city. Miss Bethmann has been selected for the position both for the high qualifications she possessed to fill the duties required of her and also because of the friendship which existed between her mother and the President's family. Miss Bethmann is about 25 years old.

Farmers Elected Officers.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The supreme council National Farmers' alliance last night disposed of all matters coming before the annual meeting. Officers were elected as follows: Mann Page, Virginia, president; H. C. Snively, Pennsylvania, vice president; R. A. Southworth, Colorado, secretary and treasurer; H. L. Louck, South Dakota, member executive committee.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FLOOD AT BOUND BROOK.

Fire Set In and Destroyed Twenty Buildings.

Somerville, N. J., Feb. 7.—Pocahontas dam at Morristown, N. J., broke yesterday. The dam held back the waters of Pocahontas lake. The break was followed by a great flood.

While the citizens were trying to rescue people from houses that were in danger of being swept away fire was discovered. It was first seen in the lumber yard of L. D. Cook & Co. An alarm was turned in, but the volunteer firemen of Bound Brook, thinking they would be unable to cope with the fire sent word to Somerville and Plainfield for assistance. Engines were started for Bound Brook, but they had not gotten far outside the limits of their respective towns when they were forced to return, the roads being impassable on account of the floods. Citizens were unable to do anything in the direction of fighting the flames or rescuing property, because of the swiftness of the current of water rushing through the streets. Under these conditions the fire had simply to burn itself out. It is thought that twenty houses have either been destroyed by the fire or were wrecked by the flood. Many small outhouses belonging to farmers on the outskirts of Bound Brook were carried away by the flood and were swept down the Raritan river.

People driven from their homes by the fire and flood took refuge at first in the Presbyterian church, but the flames spread to that edifice and the inmates were obliged to leave it. All escaped.

There are reports current of loss of life in Bound Brook beyond that of Mr. Miller, but the basis of the rumors cannot at present be ascertained. Many of the residents of Bound Brook whose business is in New York were unable to reach their homes last night. Much live stock belonging to farmers on the outskirts of Bound Brook was carried away by the flood.

ITS 40TH BIRTHDAY.

That of the Republican Party to Be Celebrated.

Washington, Feb. 7.—The Union Republican Club of Washington is arranging for a celebration to be held here the 22d inst., of the fortieth anniversary of the birth of the National Republican party. To-day Mr. Thomas J. Lasier, president of the club, received a letter from Senator T. H. Carter, chairman of the Republican national committee, saying: "Replying to your esteemed favor of recent date suggesting your intention of celebrating the 22d inst., the fortieth anniversary of the Republican party as a national organization, I deem the suggestion so appropriate that I take the liberty to address Hon. F. A. McAlpine, president National League of Republican Clubs, suggesting to him the propriety of issuing an address to all Republican club organizations throughout the country to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the party organization on the 22d inst. in a fitting manner."

SEVERAL SMALL SHOT

In a Rabbit's Body Discovered by Cathode Rays.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 10.—Prof. A. W. Wright, of Yale university, has just completed a most remarkable experiment in line with former experiments with photography by cathode rays. After the exposure, Prof. Wright discovered on the plate several dark spots. These spots appeared on the print. His attention was at once directed to the fact that by the cathode rays these spots, absolutely invisible in the rabbit, had been brought out. The animal was at once dissected, and to the surprise of the experimenter, several small shots were found in the carcass. Prof. Wright had received the rabbit not knowing how it had been killed, and without the slightest intimation of the presence of the shot. The result of this experiment indicates that cathode rays foreign substances in the human body can be detected when their presence can not be ascertained in any other way.

THEY WILL PROTEST.

Chickasaw Legislature Sends a Committee to Congress.

Ardmore, I. T., Feb. 8.—Ex-Governor William Guy, A. C. Burris and Holmes Calberts have been selected by the Chickasaw legislature to go to Washington in the nation's interest. Their chief mission will be to protest to Congress against any change in the present form of territorial government. They will also ask for $190,000 of the Chickasaw funds held in trust by the government and which is required by the nation to liquidate its national debt.

FOUND THE BULLET

In a Man's Leg by Cathode Photography.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 8.—The experiments with cathode photography applied to surgery are being carried on at McGill university with great success. Yesterday morning Prof. Cox experimented on a patient of Dr. Kilpatrick, Tolsen Cunning, who had been shot in the left leg about Christmas. The bullet could not be located, and the man suffered intense pain. The wound had closed up. The leg was photographed, and though it took 45 minutes the bullet was found.

To Change Missouri's Capital.

Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 6.—The supreme court yesterday passed on the validity of a proposed constitutional amendment to remove the state capital from Jefferson City to Sedalia, holding the amendment as made by the legislature to be valid, and that it must be voted upon next November.

FOREIGN.

WEYLER HAS ARRIVED.

And Has Brought His "Military Editors" With Him.

Havana, Feb. 11.—The steamer Alfonso XIV. arrived here at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, having on board Gen. Valeriano Weyler, the new captain general of Cuba; Nicolau, Marquise of Tenneriffe, and Gens. Enrique, Barges, Ferderico Ochando, Miguel Molenisa, Martinues Alumada, Luis Castellol, Sanchez Reynal and Juan Arolas, the latter being the hero of Jolo, Phillippine islands. The entire city was brilliantly decorated in honor of the occasion and the bay was a splendid sight, all the war ships and mer-

GENERAL WEYLER.

chant craft present being decorated with bunting. The wharfs were crowded with people at an early hour and all the steamers and tug boats suitable were laden with sightseers. The chambers of commerce, the bourse, all the big commercial houses and government departments, the canarian association, Gen. Weyler's countrymen and others crowded upon the chartered steamers or about the landing place.

At 11 o'clock the captain general came ashore and was received by Gen. Marin and staff. The streets were packed with people who displayed the greatest enthusiasm. In fact, rarely has a distinguished person been so warmly received as was Gen. Weyler when he landed to-day.

After the reception of the local military and civil authorities, corporations and clergy was completed, Gen. Weyler appeared upon the balcony of the palace and reviewed the troops. His appearance before the public was the signal for a long outburst of cheers.

Accompanying Gen. Weyler were Captains Gelaber and Linares, who are known as "military editors." They will most likely have charge of the press censorship here and it is already rumored that there will be really more difficulty experienced in this connection by the correspondents in the future. Recently the press regulations have been entirely relaxed and not much difficulty has been experienced in getting average matter upon the cable. But, if reports are correct, the new captain general will be very severe with correspondents who send false accounts of Cuban successes or who in any way bring about the publication of false news. By this it is not meant that Gen. Weyler intends to interfere with the proper liberty which the press can be allowed in war time. It really means only that he will do everything possible to prevent the sending out from here of news which is undoubtedly false.

INDIGNANT SPANIARDS.

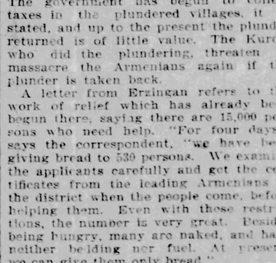
Threatened to Destroy the American Legation.

Havana, Feb. 9, via Key West, Fla., Feb. 10.—Madrid reports say that the press and public there are indignant at the Cuban resolution of the foreign relations committee of the United States Senate. Threatening groups, it is said, gathered about the American legation in the Spanish capital, but were dispersed and precautions were taken to prevent a serious demonstration, which, for a time, threatened the wrecking of the legation house. The diplomatic note to Secretary Olney from the Spanish minister of foreign affairs, reported by cable yesterday from New York is the subject of much comment here. In well informed circles the wording of the note, in which the Spanish government gives assurances of a continuation under Gen. Weyler of the humane policy hitherto pursued, provided the insurgents cease burning and also stopped indulging in other acts unusual in civilized warfare, is regarded as framed to meet the issue raised in the United States. If not a tacit admission of the belligerence of the insurgents, it is held to be at least an effort in the direction of an amicable understanding on the lines indicated by the Senate committee's resolution.

A RUSSIAN MOVE.

The "Conversion" of Prince Boris of Bulgaria.

New York, Feb. 11.—The Herald's St. Petersburg cable says the "conversion" of Prince Boris, of Bulgaria, is the topic of the hour and excites the greatest interest in political and diplomatic cir-



PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA.
The Child Prince, born Jan. 1894, who was baptized into the Greek Orthodox Church on Saturday.

cles. The rumor is that Prince Ferdinand, the father of this interesting child, has been excommunicated by the pope for giving his permission to have the baby prince change his religious views, but he is comforted by the diplomatists, who quote several cases in which the papal anathema did not do any particular harm.

On the marriage of Prince Ferdinand to a Catholic princess, the pope, in granting the dispensation, made it a condition that the children of the Union should be brought up in the Catholic faith. This promise Ferdinand now is about to violate, in order to retain his throne, as Russian diplomacy has worked on the Bulgarians to compel the "conversion" of the baby prince.

The Herald's cables also announce that King Alexander of Servia has been betrothed to Princess Helene, the third daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. King Alexander is in his twentieth year, and Princess Helene is just past 22.

The baptism into the Greek church of Prince Boris and the king of Servia's engagement to Princess Helene of Montenegro, show that Russian diplomacy has made a vast stride in Southeastern Europe.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

Armenian Women Persecuted and Violated.

Boston, Feb. 8.—The pressing need of relief for the destitute in the disturbed region of Turkey, is illustrated by a letter from Arabkir received here to-day, in which it is said:

"The refugees wander about from morning till evening begging, and are obliged to return empty handed, hungry, weary, cold and almost dead, to sleep on the stones."

Continuing, the writer says: "Hundreds of women are violated in Turkish houses. Some have embraced Islamism because of their wretchedness, and some have given their daughters to Turks. At this place, 1,800 houses have been burned and 3,000 persons have been sacrificed. The remainder are terrified by an awful threat of the Turks, who say: 'Your turn is coming, we will massacre you later.'"

A letter from Keghi states that more than 5,000 plundered people are in the extremest destitution in that vicinity. The government has begun to collect taxes in the plundered villages. It is stated, and up to the present the plunder returned is of little value. The Kurds, who did the plundering, threaten to massacre the Armenians again if the plunder is taken back.

A letter from Erzingan refers to the work of relief which has already been begun there, saying there are 15,000 persons who need help. "For four days," says the correspondent, "we have been giving bread to 530 persons. We examine the applicants carefully and get the certificates from the leading Armenians of the district when the people come, before helping them. Even with these restrictions, the number is very great. Besides being hungry, many are naked, and have neither bedding nor fuel. At present, we can give them only bread."

A letter from Kranoos states that the local government gives no permission for relief, and does not look on it with favor. In fact, without a positive and direct order from the Mali Pasha, which it is impossible to obtain, this work is exceedingly dangerous.

DON'T LIKE WILLIS.

He Snubbed the Hawaiians—Japanese Pouring In.

San Francisco, Feb. 16.—Advices from Honolulu to a local paper says that unless Secretary Olney apologizes for the actions of Minister Willis, that official may be given his passports soon.

"The trouble all grew out of an invitation issued by the Hawaiian foreign office to the diplomatic corps to participate in the national holiday of Jan. 17, the anniversary of the overthrow of the monarchy. Willis refused to take part in the celebration on the ground that President Cleveland did not approve of the manner in which the monarchy was overthrown.

Julian D. Hayne, editor of The Hawaiian, a monthly magazine published in Honolulu, arrived here on the steamship Australia. He takes a very pessimistic view of the present government of Hawaii and says the Japanese are becoming so numerous there and so firmly rooted that the islands are in danger of becoming mere outposts of Japan.

Turning to the Chinese-Japanese question, the editor declared the problem confronting Hawaii to be of the gravest character.

"If things keep on as they are going," he said, there can be but one ending—absorption of the islands by Japan."

MORE BRITISH SCHEMES.

Cecil Rhodes's Brilliant Scheme in South Africa.

London, Feb. 10.—The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, formerly premier of Cape Colony, started for Buluwayo to-day. Mr. Rhodes' departure was managed very quietly. He will go to South Africa via the Suez canal. It is understood that he will return to England for the trial of Dr. Jameson, which will take place in June next.

The Times has an article this morning on the plans of Hon. Cecil Rhodes in South Africa. It says:

"The first chapter in the scheme is the creation under a British administration of a British Johannesburg in Rhodesia. Mr. Rhodes believes that the mineral wealth of Rhodesia justifies a reasonable hope that within five years the population of Rhodesia will exceed that of the Uitlander population of the Transvaal. In addition to splendid climatic advantages, experts believe that the plateaus of Mashonaland and Matabeleland are highly mineralized. Coal exists in enormous quantities, and it is supposed that there is gold.

The Times says in an editorial on Mr. Rhodes' plan:

"The foregoing grand scheme rests wholly upon the condition that gold can be found. If it fails, the scheme must fall too."

President Kruger, of the Transvaal, has accepted the invitation extended to him by Colonial Secretary Chamberlain to come to England accompanied by members of the Transvaal executive to act as a commission. Probably a special session of the Volksraad will be called to grant a formal sanction and to nominate a commission.

WILLING TO ARBITRATE.

Lord Salisbury Outlines a Basis On Which He Will Do So.

London, Feb. 10.—The Bradford Observer says it learns that the Marquis of Salisbury has requested the authorities of British Guiana to inquire into the number and extent of the districts occupied by British subjects. This, according to the paper mentioned, points to the fact that the British government is willing to arbitrate on condition that Great Britain be allowed to retain districts occupied by British subjects or that the latter be compensated for their loss by Venezuela in the event of the territory passing into the possession of the latter country.

MUST ABANDON QUEUES.

King of Koren Has Ordered Them Lopped Off.

San Francisco, Feb. 8.—The steamer Gaelic from Hong Kong and Yokohama brought the following advices:

Of the many changes introduced in quick succession in Korea, the recent adoption of the Western method of hair dressing has attracted most attention. The king recently issued a proclamation urging the sacrificing of the queues and set the example by having his own hair cut, the prince royal followed suit. The proclamation created consternation in both official and private circles. The minister of education resigned and retired to his country home, but his protests at the innovation were disregarded. Many lesser government officials also resigned rather than sacrifice their locks. The proclamation excited alarm among the people at large, but at each of the four gates of the castle constables are posted to await the coming of country people to compel them to submit to the barbers who are in waiting for their hair. Western hats and coats are generally adopted by those who lose their queues. In the rural districts the Koreans have broken into actual rebellion at the proclamation.

Many local governors have resigned their posts owing to their unwillingness to cut off their queues. Several hundred persons have fled to the mountains and as many more are under arms prepared to attack the Korean troops.

The rebellion in Formora is unchecked. One of the armies has taken up its position at Tou-Wei and another has assembled at Camphor mount. The Japanese troops are confident of defeating the rebels but cannot attack them in their mountain retreats.

A METEOR IN SPAIN.

This Strange Thing That Exploded Over Madrid Monday.

Madrid, Feb. 10.—An immense aerolite exploded above this city at 9:30 a. m. today. There was a vivid glare of light and a loud report, followed by a general panic. All the buildings were shaken and many windows were shattered. According to the officials of the Madrid observatory the explosion occurred twenty miles above the earth.

DUNRAVEN'S APOLOGY.

Said to Be On Its Way to the United States.

London, Feb. 8.—The Saturday Review to-day mentions a rumor to the effect that a fitting and ample apology from Lord Dunraven to the New York Yacht club, is already on its way to the United States.

DR. HUNTER'S LECTURES ON THE LUNGS.

NO 7.

Will Any Climate or Change of Air Cure Consumption?

Cod-liver oil, cough mixtures, and change of climate used to be the stereotyped treatment for all consumptive cases, and under it the disease was so invariably fatal that it came to be regarded as incurable. And it can not be doubted that physicians rather encouraged the belief in its incurability, because their ministrations always resulted in failure.

The thought that consumption could be cured by air alone was one of the oldest delusions of its treatment. It has been persistently tried for centuries, in every climate of the globe, and invariably terminated in disappointment.

We now know that consumption is a germ disease of the lungs common among the natives of all lands. It is a little less common in warm than cold countries, because in the latter congestions of the lungs are more prevalent. The difference, however, is very slight—only a fraction of 1 per cent. Those, therefore, who go to warm countries with the disease are no better off than natives of such countries who have consumption contracted in that climate. As the latter get consumption and die of it despite the climate, it is folly to suppose Northern patients would be cured by going to it. Change of air is always beneficial to the general health, because it is healthful to the appetite, digestion, and strength of the patient temporarily, but the benefit is only general and in no sense curative of the lung disease. As no natural air can kill the germs in the lungs or heal the wounds they have inflicted, no climate in the wide world will ever cure consumption. California, Texas, Colorado, Florida, and the Adirondacks in this country, and Nice, Naples, Villa Franca, Egypt, Algiers and Madeira, in the old world, have all been tried in vain. The graveyards of those countries attest the failure of their climate to cure the disease. It is a cruel deception to pretend that living parasites which are devouring the tubes and cells of the lungs—as moths feed upon wools and furs—can be destroyed and expelled by any natural atmosphere in the world. No other germ disease in the body was ever cured by air alone, and all medical experience goes to prove that the germs of consumption can not be got rid of by any change of climate.

Do not, however, imagine from this that I am opposed to change of climate, or do not regard pure air as necessary to a proper treatment of the lungs. The air is the life of the lungs. "God breathed into his nostrils and man became a living soul." Air is the natural partner of the blood, and the element which assimilates and makes new blood out of the food eaten, and is therefore necessary to health, just as good food, proper clothing and regular exercise are necessary to good health. Wherever they can be best obtained with the least exposure to injury is the best place for the sick. But what I wish to impress upon all is that no climate in the world will kill the germs of consumption or save from death these afflicted with lung disease. This can be done only by inhaling germ-destroying medicines into the lungs. Such germicides have been discovered by me, and I am now applying them with great success in all forms of lung disease. It is only by properly medicating air that it can be made healing and curative of lung complaints. The germs in the lungs are the source of all the danger to the patient. If they are not reached and expelled they destroy the very citadel of life. They can not be reached by anything taken by the stomach nor by any hypodermic injection through the skin. The germicides must be brought into actual contact with the germs in the tubes and cells of the lungs or no cure will result. That is why I say that my treatment by inhaled germicides is the only course that can possibly arrest and cure consumption.

ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,
No. 117 West Forty-fifth street.

NOTE.—Readers of The Toledo Blade who are interested in Dr. Hunter's Views can obtain his book without charge by addressing him as above.

THE BLADE'S Great Seed Premiums

THE BEST COLLECTION OF SEEDS EVER OFFERED BY ANY PUBLICATION.

54TH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

Washington, Feb. 5.—In the Senate Mr. Morgan, from the committee on foreign relations, reported the Cuban belligerency resolution, saying it met with his full approval. Call gave notice that he would call up the resolution as soon as he could secure the attention of the Senate. Quay's resolution to recommit the free coinage substitute for the tariff bill was laid before the Senate, when it was found that a prior resolution of Hanabrough, directing the secretary of agriculture to execute the law [illegible] seed distribution, had precedence. After some discussion it was agreed that the seed resolution would not be considered [illegible] and if dispensed of before then Quay's resolution would be taken [illegible] the Quay resolution will come [illegible] Tuesday.

In the House Wednesday, Delegate Catron, of New Mexico, introduced a bill to prevent the pugilistic festival from taking place near El Paso. The bill makes prize fighting a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment for not less than five years. Referred. The District of Columbia appropriation bill, on which a fight has been made, over charity appropriations, was defeated by a vote of yeas 135, to 143 nays.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The session of the House was devoted exclusively to the further consideration of the bond bill and the Senate's free coinage substitute therefor.

The business in the Senate was the disposition to be made of the resolution offered by Mr. Quay, of Pennsylvania, to recommit the House tariff bill with the free coinage substitute to the finance committee with instructions to report them back as separate propositions. The resolution came up after the routine morning business, and was modified by Mr. Quay by striking out the phrase as to instructions and inserting in lieu of it the words "for further consideration."

Mr. Quay, also, in order to accommodate senators who desired to proceed with other business, proposed that the resolution lie over until Monday next, after the morning business, which was agreed to. A speech was made by Mr. Turpie, of Indiana, in favor of a constitutional amendment to have United States senators elected directly by the people of the several states. The remainder of the day's session was given to the consideration of the resolution offered by Mr. Dubois, of Idaho, for the distribution of the general appropriation bills, which went over.

Washington, Feb. 7.—The charge, upon the floor of the House to-day that words uttered by a member were treasonable and seditious, and in violation of the oath, precipitated the most exciting and turbulent scene witnessed in the hall since the early days of the Thirty-first Congress. Mr. Talbert, the impulsive representative from South Carolina, arising to a question of personal privilege, referred to the misinterpretation, if not misrepresentation, in the press of what he said Wednesday night. He reiterated what he then said, to the effect that he believed secession to be right, and under the same conditions would do as he had done. He was called to order by Mr. Barrett (Dem., Mass.), who asked that his words be taken down. He offered a resolution denouncing the words as seditious and treasonable, and in violation of the oath taken by Mr. Talbert at the beginning of the Congress. Much excitement prevailed until the matter was finally disposed of, the disorder at times being so great as to preclude the transaction of business. Many Republicans did not approve Mr. Barrett's course, not deeming the matter of sufficient importance to warrant his action, but otherwise warmly supported him, and one member declared that Mr. Talbert ought to be expelled. Mr. Talbert was permitted, after a time, to explain. He said that he had no idea that the condition of 1861 could ever recur and he was glad of it. He had no idea of engaging in a violation of the Thirteenth amendment. Mr. Barrett gave Mr. Talbert the opportunity and asked him to specifically disclaim any secession sentiment and apologize to the House—in event of compliance, Mr. Barrett to withdraw the resolution. But Mr. Talbert declined to say anything further. Mr. Dalzell (Rep., Pa.) moved to refer the whole subject to the committee on judiciary and this was agreed to—yeas 200; nays 71. With this disposition of the matter, the exciting incident ended, the remainder of the session was devoted to the further consideration of the bond silver coinage bill.

In the Senate, a president pro tempore was chosen without dissent, to the person of Senator Pryce, of Maine, and the Dubois resolution to distribute the appropriation bills among several committees was practically defeated by a lodge referred to the committee on rules, with instructions to report it back on the first Monday in December next. For the two or three days that the Dubois resolution has been before the Senate it was confidently believed that it would be carried by a large majority, and consequently there was a general expression of surprise when to-day, on motion of Mr. Allison (Rep.) it was referred to the committee on rules by a vote of 40 yeas to 28 nays. Adjourned till Monday.

Washington, Feb. 8.—To-day the bond silver coinage bill was still debated and after a number of speeches adjourned to Monday.

Washington, Feb. 11.—Although the Senate failed to accomplish anything yesterday, the session served to make a definite programme on a number of important subjects. Mr. Morrill, chairman of the finance committee, gave notice that he would call up the tariff bill on next Wednesday. Mr. Call secured unanimous consent that the Cuban question will be made a special order, following the deficiency appropriation bill. Mr. Davis, author of the Monroe doctrine, gave notice that on next Monday he would call up his resolution. Thus the three most important pending questions will be given definite time for hearing.

A speech in relation to the Monroe doctrine was made by Mrs. Smith (Dem., N. J.) He declared himself opposed to Mr. Sewell (Rep., N. J.), which declares the President's Venezuelan message inopportune; equally opposed to that reported from the committee on foreign relations by Senator Davis (Rep., Minn.), extending the application of the Monroe doctrine, and as having very little sympathy with the position assumed by Senator Wolcott, of Colorado. In his opinion there was no occasion for any action of any kind by the Senate at this time.

The remainder of the day was spent in the discussion of the joint resolution directing the secretary of agriculture to purchase and distribute seeds for the year 1896. A final vote was not reached, and after the announcement of the death of Representative Crain, of Texas, the Senate adjourned.

The sudden and unexpected death of Representative Crain, of Texas, the first member to die in the course of a session of the Fifty-fourth Congress, announced to the House by Mr. Sayres (Dem., Tex.), caused an adjournment not long after the House reassembled for Monday's session.

THE BOND ISSUE.

The Popular Loan Proves a Great Success.

Washington, Feb. 5.—The Secretary of the Treasury to-day opened the bids for the purchase of $100,000,000 United States four per cent thirty-year bonds, which had been received under his call dated January 6, last. The bonds which are redeemable in coin, will be issued in denominations of $50 or multiples of that sum, as may be desired by the bidders. Only United States gold coin or gold certificates will be received in payment of the bonds. Under the terms of the secretary's circular calling for bids, the first payment of 20 per cent and accrued interest must be made upon receipt of notice of the acceptance of the bid. The remainder of the amounts bid may be paid in installments of ten per cent each and accrued interest at the end of each fifteen days thereafter. Accepted bidders, however, are allowed to pay the whole amount of their bids at the time of the first installment, or at any time previous to the maturity of the last installment, provided that all previous installments have been paid. The bonds will be dated February 1, 1895, to run thirty years from that time, and will therefore mature February 1, 1925.

Ratio of Interest.

According to the regulations of the Actuary of the Treasury, a bidder in order to realize 2½ per cent interest on his investment should have offered $120.5744 for each $100 in bonds bid for. To realize higher rates of interest bids should have been made as follows: 2¾ per cent, $124.9234; 3 per cent, $119.3229; 3 1-16 per cent, $117.9749; 3⅛ per cent, $116.6171; 3 3-16 per cent, $115.3391; 3¼ per cent, $114.0566; 3 5-16 per cent, $112.7814; 3⅜ per cent, $11.5310; 3 7-16 per cent, $110.2992; 3½ per cent, $109.0858; 3 9-16 per cent, $107.8900; 3⅝ per cent, $106.7121; 3 11-16 per cent, $105.5516; 3¾ per cent, $104.4082; 3 13-16 per cent, $103.2816; 3⅞ per cent, $102.1716; 3 15-16 per cent, $101.0778; 4 per cent, $100.

Flood of Bids.

All the morning bond bids came in rapidly, swelling largely the already long strung out list of bidders, great and small. Every train and every mail brought a list of bond bids, and at 11 o'clock the expectations of the Treasury officials were rising, and predictions were made freely that the loan would be largely over-subscribed, and that the bonds would bring a good price.

Merchants' National bank, Baltimore, $350,000; Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Co., $1,000,000; U. S. Trust Co., by John A. Stewart, president, $4,000,000; Vermillion & Co., $2,000,000; Lazard Freres, $4,000,000; German American Insurance Co., New York, $200,000, and N. Y. State National Bank of Albany, N. Y., $300,000; German National bank (place not given), $200,000; J. Bryan Smith, of the Brooklyn Savings bank, $1,000,000; Mechanics National bank of New York, $500,000; Sicard Bros. & Co., $250,000; Merchants' National bank, $250,000; Union Trust Co., $2,150,000; United States Trust Co., New York, $4,000,000; J. S. Smithers & Co., New York, $3,000,000; L. Von Hoffman & Co., New York, $7,500,000; Brown Bros., New York, $2,000,000; Central Trust Co., $5,315,000, all at 110.75; Kidder, Peabody & Co., $500,000 at 112.21, $2,000,000 at 110.69, $1,000,000 at 111.23, $1,000,000 at 109.59, $1,000,000 at 108.19; The Williamsburg Savings Bank of Brooklyn, N. Y., bid $500,000 at 111.

The Treasury officials are especially gratified at the success of the popular subscription feature of the loan, and stated that while the schedules of the bidders undoubtedly will show a very large percentage of banks and monied institutions, it is indisputably true that in very many cases and probably in a majority of them the banks act as the agents of private individuals who are the real purchasers. This is shown to be true by an instance cited at the time of the last subscription issue. A New York firm bid in $1,000,000 of the bonds, and the Treasury officials took sufficient interest in the matter to follow them to their final destinations. It was found that the firm acted for four large interior banks, and each of them in turn acted in part for a number of country banks, and they for individual customers that the bonds were finally distributed among several hundred private parties. This will be the result, it is believed, in a very large number of cases of bids for the present issue. It is also believed that the certainty that no bids can be accepted at a rate lower than 110.0677 will have the effect of immediately releasing large quantities of gold which have been accumulated by unsuccessful bidders. Having no further use for their surplus holdings, it is argued that a large portion of it will find its way into the subtreasury.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The treasury department has completed its tabulation of the bids above the Morgan syndicate bid. The result is 781 bids for a total of 66,788,650. This leaves the amount which will be awarded to the Morgan syndicate $33,211,350. The treasury rejected a few bids for the reason that they bore evidence of being fictitious, so that the amounts stated are the corrected figures.

AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN.

Biography of Edwin F. Uhl, of Michigan.

Washington, Feb. 10.—The President has nominated Edwin F. Uhl, of Michigan, assistant secretary of state, to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the United States to Germany.

Washington, Feb. 11.—Assistant Secretary of State Uhl, who has been appointed ambassador to Berlin to succeed the late Mr. Runyon, is a prominent Democrat of Michigan. Born in New York state fifty-five years ago, Mr. Uhl has lived in Michigan since 1848, when his parents moved West. He was brought up on a farm near Ypsilanti. He was graduated from Michigan university, and in 1866 began the practice of law. He has been a leading lawyer in Grand Rapids. He has twice been mayor of the city and could have had the Democratic nomination for Congress from his district at any time if he had wanted it.

EDWIN F. UHL.

In the last Presidential campaign Mr. Uhl canvassed his state and contributed largely to the campaign fund. He was rewarded with the assistant secretaryship of State. In that position he gained a wide reputation during the illness of Secretary Gresham, by a lively display of the real American spirit in a dispatch to the Spanish government demanding an immediate apology for the offense of a Spanish guaboat in firing on an American merchant vessel, the Alliance. Mr. Uhl's appointment has been confirmed by the Senate.

TO STOP LEGISLATION.

Compact of Silver and Populist Senators Signed.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Free silver is the price which the country must pay for the emergency revenue bill framed by the House of Representatives. That is the answer of the Senate. Without free silver the revenue bill will not be permitted to pass. With free silver included it may go back to the House, where, of course, it will be promptly rejected.

This plot to link silver and tariff together was made plain by a meeting of the Populist Senators in secret caucus Saturday afternoon. They decided to join the crusade for the combination of silver and tariff, which Wharton Barker and other silver leaders have for some days been promoting.

To re-enforce his demands Barker has secured the signatures of sixteen Republican Senators to an agreement, and on the strength of it threatens the disruption of the Republican party if silver is ignored. In his letter Mr. Barker makes use of the following words:

"You must indorse such a platform and force its adoption by the Republican party, or there will be no Republican party."

Agreement of Senators.

Following is the declaration of principles signed by the Senators, under date of Jan. 23:

"Whereas, The difference of exchange between silver standard countries and gold standard countries is equivalent to a bounty of 100 per cent on the products of the silver standard countries; and

"Whereas, The cost of production in the old world, and particularly in China and Japan, is less than products can be produced or manufactured for in this country by American labor, without reducing our farmers, miners, mechanics, manufacturers and industrial workers to the level of Chinese coolies; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we are in favor of rescuing the people of the United States from such impending danger by removing the difference of exchange between gold standard countries and silver standard countries by the only method possible, which is the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 by the independent action of the United States, and we are in favor of a tariff which shall be sufficient to equalize the cost of production in the United States and in European and in Asiatic countries, and that the protection incident to such tariff shall be equally distributed in every section of the United States, and between the various products and industries of each state.

"H. M. Teller, Colorado,
"Edward O. Wolcott, Colorado,
"Lee Mantle, Montana,
"T. H. Carter, Montana,
"George L. Shoup, Idaho,
"F. T. Dubois, Idaho,
"Frank J. Cannon, Utah,
"Arthur Brown, Utah,
"Francis E. Warren, Wyoming,
"C. D. Clark, Wyoming,
"J. C. Pritchard, North Carolina,
"John H. Mitchell, Oregon,
"R. F. Pettigrew, South Dakota,
"H. C. Hansbrough, North Dakota,
"George C. Perkins, California,
"J. D. Cameron, Pennsylvania."

UNCLE SAM IS WELL OFF.

Wealth of the Country Per Capita Never So Great.

Washington, Feb. 6.—Whether the people of this country are really so badly off as politicians and calamity shriekers would make us believe, seems doubtful, judging from a compilation of figures just published by the department of Labor. These figures, it might be stated, are prepared by Mr. William M. Steuart, and it should be noted in this connection that William M. Steuart is not William M. Stewart, the distinguished silver advocate who represents the state of Nevada in the United States Senate. William M. Steuart apparently does not see the situation through the same color glass as those through which William M. Stewart looks at it. What William M. Stewart's views are concerning the condition of the people has been frequently presented to the public through the medium of the Senate chamber, and the press reports which photograph upon the public mind the happenings in that body. What William M. Steuart thinks of it is shown by his publication and the series of tables which accompany it. In these tables he shows that the wealth of the country in 1850 was $7,135,780,228; in 1860, $16,159,-606,668; in 1870, $20,068,518,507; in 1880, $43,842,000,000; in 1890, $65,037,091,197. Dividing this up among the people in this country at the period named, he finds the per capita of wealth as follows: In 1850, $307; in 1860, $513; in 1870, $779; in 1880, $870; in 1890, $1,030.

The total debt less the cash in the Treasury he finds to have been as follows: In 1870, $2,331,169,956; in 1880, $1,919,326,-747; in 1890, $890,784,370. The per capita of the debt at the various times he finds to be as follows: In 1870, $60; in 1880, $38; in 1890, $14.

The average annual expenditures of the government, exclusive of payments on the public debt, he finds to be as follows: In 1870, $530,713,827, in 1880, $269,047,263; in 1890, $268,412,454. This gives the per capita expenditures as follows: In 1870, $12.70; in 1880, $5.36; in 1890, $4.28.

These figures are rather striking and interesting and may be worth laying aside for reference for the benefit of the man who wants you to believe that the government is going to the demnition bow-wows; here they are in tabular form:

Total wealth in the United States by each census since 1850:

1850	$ 7,135,780,228
1860	16,159,616,068
1870	30,068,518,507
1880	43,642,000,000
1890	65,037,091,197

Per capita amount of wealth in the United States shown by each census since 1850:

1850	$ 307 60
1860	513 93
1870	779 82
1880	870 13
1890	1,036 01

National debt less cash in treasury upon each census year since 1870:

1870	$2,331,169,956 21
1880	1,919,326,747 75
1890	890,784,370 53

Per capita of national debt less cash in treasury upon each census year since 1870:

1870	$60 46
1880	38 27
1890	14 22

Total government expenses exclusive of payment of public debt since 1870:

1870	$570,713,827 09
1880	269,047,263 56
1890	268,412,545 28

Per capita government expenses exclusive of payment of public debt since 1870:

1870	$13 76
1880	5 26
1890	4 28

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS.

Drastic Measures Advised by Secretary Hoke Smith.

Washington, Feb. 6.—Secretary Hoke Smith, in a conference with the House Pacific railroads committee to-day, advocated foreclosure of the government mortgage on the Pacific railroads and a re-sale of the roads. He declared there would be no difficulty in doing this without the government ownership of the roads, to which he was opposed absolutely. He recommended that Congress pass an act forfeiting the lands granted the two companies, with an exemption in favor of bona fide purchasers from the railroads. If Congress did not legislate he would revoke his suspension orders and patent the lands to the roads.

The Populist senators have decided in caucus to vote solidly against re-coinage of the silver substitute for the tariff bill to the committee on finance. If the Democrats stand together against the Quay motion the decision of the Populists will insure its defeat.

The Democrats of the House of Representatives will resist the proposed inquiry into the benefits of the reciprocity arrangements made during the Harrison administration and the effect of their repeal, for obvious reasons. There has seldom been greater pressure for any legislation than comes from the agricultural and mechanical industries of the country for the revival of reciprocity.

The anti-silver Democrats in the Senate have refused to assist the Republicans to recommit the revenue bill with its free-coinage substitute, and they consider the situation from a political point of view very amusing. They say the President did not ask for any more revenue, and that the Secretary of the Treasury expressly said that none was needed.

The Republican Senators in caucus yesterday nominated A. J. Shaw, of Spokane, Wash., for secretary of the Senate; H. L. Grant, of North Carolina, for sergeant-at-arms; and Alonzo Stewart, of Iowa, to succeed the late Capt. Bassett as assistant doorkeeper. It was decided to make no change in the office of chaplain.

President Cleveland yesterday sent to the House the report of the commissioners appointed under act of Congress to make an investigation of the route of the proposed Nicaragua canal.

How soon will another issue of bonds be needed? That is a question which every one is discussing. The average guess in official circles is a year, though many think another loan will be needed next fall. Doubtless most of the successful bidders for this hundred million issue will make their first and perhaps their second payments out of banks as private gold. But how about the succeeding payments? There is nothing in the world to prevent them going to the sub-treasuries with bundles of greenbacks and drawing out for their final payments the very gold they had paid in for the first payments.

It happens several times in each year that a bond of date preceding the civil war comes in for payment. In some cases the interest has ceased for fifty years. At simple interest alone the holder would be entitled to four times the face of the bond, but the government recognizes no claim to interest on money lent to it unasked, and he receives only the face of the bond. The government has made a profit of $1,250,000 or more on bonds through the failure of owners to present them for redemption, and its profits on unpaid interest must amount to nearly as much.

A party of Senators, who have had much experience in manipulating conventions and managing campaigns were guessing about the vote that each of the candidates would be likely to poll on the first ballot at the convention. They gave Mr. Reed 150 votes, 76 from New England and the remainder scattering and from the Pacific states. Mr. McKinley's managers claim 400 votes. The gentlemen who have been making the calculations concede McKinley 350 votes. They give Allison 150, Morton 100, Cullom 50 and Davis 40. This leaves about sixty votes unaccounted for.

Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, has introduced a bill to pension every negro who was born in slavery, the amounts to range from $4 a month for one who is above 50 years old, to $10 a month for one who is above 70. Persons of the latter age or over are to receive a bonus of $500 in cash.

Secretary Morton wants Congress to impeach him for refusing to distribute garden seeds. He thinks that would be a good way to test the wisdom and the legality of his course; or, he suggests, some professional farmer might make a little political capital by bringing him into court on a mandamus.

The new naval register shows that the United States now stands fifth among the naval powers of the earth, having advanced five points within the last five years. Great Britain outranks her five and one-half times, France three and seventeenths times, Russia, two and two-tenth times; Italy twice, Germany, Spain, Japan, Austria and the Netherlands follow next after the United States.

The American Protective Association is after Senators Hoar, Lodge, Hawley, Thurston, McMillan and others on account of their votes for the confirmation of Colonel Coppinger. They are receiving numerous resolutions, remonstrances, protests and promises of future punishment from all parts of the country for allowing themselves to become the tools of the pope, who, it is claimed, through the appointment of Colonel Coppinger as a brigadier general in the army, has endangered the peace and liberty of the American people.

A SENATE RESOLUTION.

Recognizing the Cubans as Belligerents.

Washington, Feb. 5.—The Senate committee on foreign relations to-day agreed upon a substitute for the resolution heretofore reported on the question of the recognition of Cuba and authorized Senator Morgan to report it to the Senate.

The substitute is in the shape of a concurrent resolution. As reported it is as follows: I

"Resolved, by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring) that in the opinion of Congress a condition of public war exists between the government of Spain and the government proclaimed, and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers and accord to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States."

The House committee on invalid pensions has completed the consideration of Representative Pickler's general pension bill. It will be introduced again with various amendments, and when printed will be reported favorably. The amendments of most importance provide that when fraud is alleged the allegations shall be reduced to writing and be under oath, and that the person affected shall be furnished a certified copy of them. The limit income allowed a widow below which amount she is entitled to a pension is raised to $300.

In the House to-day Delegate Catron (New Mexico) introduced a bill to prevent the pugilistic festival from taking place near El Paso. The bill makes prize fighting a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment for not less than five years. Mr. Catron asked for unanimous consent for consideration, but Mr. Knox (Rep., Mass.) objected and the bill was referred.

While intoxication may be a disease, yet if it is voluntary and leads to commission of crime it is a crime in itself. So ruled Justice Morris in announcing a decision of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia to-day.

THE PRIZEFIGHTERS.

Will Find Their Business Completely Blocked by Uncle Sam.

Washington, Feb. 7.—The Catron prize fight bill will be sent to the President to-day, and it is likely that it will be a law before to-morrow morning. The emergency due to the prospective Fitzsimmons-Maher and other contests has caused the friends of the bill to move with celerity extraordinary in Congressional proceedure, and now that formalities only remain, pains will be taken to insure the speediest possible action on the measure. The President's attention will be called to it at once, and no doubt is entertained regarding his prompt signature. The bill from this moment will be a law of the United States, it being effective immediately. The temper of the officers of the government is too well known that although they decline to be quoted on such a matter at present, it can be stated positively no effort will be spared to prevent the fight. The Catron bill makes prize fighting a felony, with imprisonment from one to five years, and should those connected with the fight have the temidity to bring it about in violation of law, they will find themselves rigorously prosecuted as a warning to any persons who may design following in their footsteps.

SOUTH AFRICAN TRADE.

Germany Seeks to Supplant England in the Transvaal.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Within the past few years Germany has built up an important and lucrative trade with the Transvaal, notwithstanding the fact that only a few years ago she refused to enter into closer trade relations with the little African republic, because her interests in that quarter of the world were so insignificant. Now, however, according to United States Consul Moore, at Weimar, Germany having acquired colonies in East Africa, is looking to the continent as the most favorable field for extending her foreign trade. Germans have acquired large interests in the Transvaal gold mines, and they built the railroad from Pretoria to the coast. The Krupps and other great German iron masters, have established agencies in the Transvaal, and Germany counts upon checking British influence there through the development of its iron trade. In consequence, the German trade with the Transvaal has increased from 1,000,000 marks in 1889, to 6,000,000 marks in 1894, excluding goods shipped from England.

WILL OPEN ACRES.

Portion of Indian Reservation at Disposal of Settlers.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The Red Lake and White Earth Indian reservations, comprising about a million acres, forming part of the old Chippewa reservation in Minnesota, will be opened to settlement on May 1st by a proclamation to be issued shortly.

SECRETARY MORTON

Held Up, Cauterized and Ridiculed by Senator Vest.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 6.—The most caustic utterance heard in the Senate since Mr. Tillman's sensational speech, was that of Mr. Vest arraigning Secretary of Agriculture Morton. The keen satire and ridicule directed against the Secretary and the allusions to the President made the speech hardly less notable than that which recently startled the Senate. Mr. Vest referred derisively to "the colossal intellect dealing with cabbages."

Mr. Vest severely criticised the practice of furnishing costly flowers from government greenhouses for state receptions at the executive mansion, and added:

"Sir, I would rather give twice the amount of this appropriation to enable some poor man in a distant county of the West who is fighting the hard battle of life; I would rather give him something that would make his cheerless home comfortable and bright light to his fireside; I would rather put one flower in the sick room of a noble working girl or matron, than to have it said that I voted a hundred and odd thousand dollars for the flowers and exotics to go to the receptions and banquets of the officials of this government where the chandelier flashes its light across the red wine and the air is fragrant with perfume like the spicy breeze of Araby the Blest.

Mr. Vest referred to the "bugle blasts" from the Secretary of Agriculture as to Congressional extravagance in distributing seeds. "The Democratic party has been most unfortunate," said the Senator with emphasis, "not only as to its international discords, but also in the fact that the devil has owed us a grudge and has paid it in a Secretary of Agriculture. The secretary had," continued Mr. Vest, "put the Democratic party in antagonism to the great agricultural interests of the party, although that party had always stood as the close friend of agriculture. The gigantic intellect of this Secretary of Agriculture has daily gone outside of his legitimate duties and why did it not discover some of the really flagrant abuses.

"This secretary," proceeded the Senator, "assumed to run the entire government. He has been practically Secretary of the Treasury, flooding the country with reports and pamphlets denouncing the silver lunatics and upholding the single gold standard."

Mr. Vest closed shortly after 2 o'clock with a remarkably sarcastic and bitter peroration. He referred to the useless seeds which it was asserted the secretary had properly refused to buy; but, added the Senator, "there was one seed not mentioned. It was," he proceeded, smiling maliciously, "the aure fur feniculum canes Mortonae, or in plainer words, Morton's golden dogwood. This would flourish while this secretary, swinging his golden censer at the executive mansion, shouted his 'Holy, holy, art thou, Oh, Grover, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.'"

GOOD ROADS MEETING.

Attendance Was Not as Large as Expected.

Baltimore, Feb. 11.—League politics absorbed the attention of the delegates to the national convention of League of American Wheelmen yesterday to the utter exclusion of everything else. In consequence the experimental "good roads" meeting was only a moderate success in point of attendance, although the mental pabulum served to those who attended was of a high order. Chairman Potter was greeted with applause and addressed the meeting briefly, saying "New York has 27 votes and numerous proxies, and we intend to cast them for the city which makes the best showing at these sessions. The secretary tells me that both Louisville and Toledo are equally represented here, and our vote of course is still in ebeyance. It will be decided by the afternoon session, however. The attendance is not as great as it should be, but from my own experience I know that it is twice as great as was the attendance at the good roads congress called by the United States government and which was more widely advertised than was this convention. The delegates here, however, represent 40,000 wheelmen, and what transpires here will be more far-reaching in its effects than was the action of the good roads congress referred to. Many delegates have not been able to attend for various reasons, and many prominent people to whom we sent invitations have also been unable to get here."

D. P. Miller, chairman of the board of commissioners of Allegheny county, delivered a short address, telling of the work accomplished in Western Maryland. He approves of good roads, and said that if the farmers were enlightened as to the benefits to be derived from improved highways all opposition that now exists would be wiped away. Both President Willison and Mr. Sterling Elliott delivered brief addresses and put themselves firmly on the good roads plank.

The days' exercises closed with a banquet last night at the home of the Maryland Bicycle Club, at which almost 200 delegates and other guests were present.

The real work of the meeting begins at to-day's session. It is not probable that the election of officers will take place before Wednesday morning, and in the afternoon of the same day the convention will vote upon the place at which to hold the next annual "meet." The New York delegation, with 27 votes, will cast them for Coney Island on the first ballot, but this is understood to be merely complimentary, and the fight is still confined to Louisville and Toledo.

THERE WILL BE WAR.

President W. P. Dearmit Issues an Ultimatum.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 11.—W. P. Dearmit, president of the New York & Cleveland company, in a circular letter yesterday rejected the invitation of the joint committee of coal operators and miners to meet with them in an endeavor to settle the question of whether or not uniformity exists in the district. Mr. Dearmit reiterates his statement that the examination made by the joint committee was superficial and not entitled to consideration. The only hope now of avoiding a wage war is the acceptance by the committee on Wednesday of Mr. Dearmit's proposition to submit the question to a select commission which will examine the district on lines laid down by himself.

WALLER'S RELEASE.

The French Have Made a Fair Proposition.

Washington, February 11.—Ambassador Eustis has been instructed to accept the offer of the French government to release ex-United States Consul Waller from further imprisonment and pardon his offense, on condition that the affair be thereby terminated as between France and the United States, and that the latter make no claim in behalf of the prisoner based upon his arrest, conviction or imprisonment. Waller may, however, sue in the French courts for damages for ill-treatment. These facts, showing the amicable termination of the celebrated Waller incident, appear in the correspondence sent to both houses of congress to-day by the President in answer to resolutions of inquiry on the subject.

WOMAN ON A JURY.

Got There Because She Was the Only Doctor in Kansas.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 11.—Dr. Martha Hall-Smith, of Fostoria, has the honor of being the only woman who has ever sat upon a jury in Kansas. The case was a trial for insanity, and the law says a jury shall be composed of six persons, at least one of whom is a practicing physician. As there was no male physician in town, Dr. Martha Hall-Smith was summoned to act and elected as foreman, and upon her decision as a physician and the finding of the jury a woman was adjudged insane and sent to the asylum.

TRAINS IN A HEAP.

Five Killed in an Illinois Central Collision.

Centralia, Ill., Feb. 11.—Two mixed freight and passenger trains on the Illinois Central railway collided at Dongola, Ill., at 6:45 this morning. Five men were killed, as follows: George Huntington, engineer; Baggageman Armstrong, Fireman Anderson, Fireman Adams, Brakeman McLean.

Most of them live here. Superintendent Baker and Train Master Beveringston are at the wreck.

DOUBLE BURIAL.

James Rice and Wife Died Almost Together.

Chicago, Feb. 6.—James H. Rice, president of the James H. Rice Co., one of the largest manufacturing and exporting concerns in the plate glass industry in America, died in this city of Bright's disease this morning, at his home.

Mrs. Rice, his wife, died on Tuesday, and the two will be buried together, probably to-morrow.

Mr. Rice's death had been expected for some days, and the unexpected passing away of his wife hastened the end.

The Secret of a Beautiful Skin

Soft white hands, shapely nails, and luxuriant hair with clean wholesome scalp is found in the perfect action of the PORES produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps both foreign and domestic. Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London, E. C. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

FIERCE STORM RAGING.

A Seventy-Two Per Mile Wind Tearing Up the East.

New York, Feb. 7.—The storm of rain and wind which began last night is the most severe that has visited this vicinity for many months, and although the velocity of the wind has moderated some, the rain continues to come down and the sky shows no signs of clearing.

At times during the day the wind blew at the rate of 72 miles per hour and nothing like its wild swoop up Broadway and through the long avenues has been seen in this city for years. Women and children were blown off their feet into the streets in many cases. At least a dozen people were taken to their homes or a hospital by patrol wagons, suffering from cuts and bruises inflicted by flying timbers and umbrellas.

Brooklyn fared worse. Two men are dead and another dying as a result of the collapse of the three story cooperage shop in Thirty-ninth street. Trees were uprooted, fences, tops of sheds and outhouses were blown down and window glass broken.

The storm seems to have been general in New York, New Jersey and New England.

A dispatch received from Patchogue, Long Island, early to-day, says: It is blowing a gale all along the coast. The men who remained on the stranded steamer Lamington have been taken off by the Breeches buoy. The position of the steamer is very bad. The sea is continually washing over her, and she pounds heavily on the bar. The opinion seems to be general here that the Lamington will be a total loss."

The ship J. B. Walker, which was blown ashore on Liberty Island yesterday is still fast on the rocks. The ship's spars will be taken down to-day and the 200 tons of ballast in the hold will be taken out to lighten the vessel, and this, it is hoped, will enable the wrecking tugs to pull her into deep water. So far as can be seen the vessel has sustained no damage to her hull.

SIX ARE DEAD.

Mortality Record of the Bridge Disaster.

New Britain, Conn., Feb. 8.—Up to noon to-day no more bodies had been found at the scene of the Bristol bridge accident, and the record now stands: Six dead, three missing. Those unaccounted for are Charles Costello, of Hartford; James McCarthy, of New Britain, and James Mack, of New Britain.

ANOTHER FAMILY

Caused Hellman to Kill Himself and Family.

Chicago, Feb. 7.—Investigations in connection with the wholesale slaughter of the Klattke family by Anarchist Richard Klattke brought to light to-day a fresh sensation regarding the killing of the Hellman family, one of the several parallel cases here within the past few months. Hellman, who was a prosperous contractor, asphyxiated his wife, four children and himself. At the time it was supposed to be the result of insanity, but it has now been discovered that Hellman had two families—the Chicago household and a wife and two children living in Germany. A short time before the tragedy occurred, Hellman received news that his deserted wife in Germany had discovered his whereabouts, and was even then on her way with her children to America. Hellman's first wife arrived a few days ago, after the tragedy, and is now living in the house in which her husband and his American family died.

FOR M'KINLEY.

Two Louisiana Delegates-at-Large Declare Themselves.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 10.—Ex Senator Demas, who was elected a delegate-at-large to the St. Louis convention as a Reed delegate, declared on Saturday in a card to the Republican, that he would vote for McKinley for President. Ex-Governor Kellogg and other Reed men are out in cards declaring that Demas pledged himself to vote for Reed, but he asserts that they well knew him to be for McKinley, and he had frequently proclaimed his preferences.

It is probable that I. Madison Vance, another delegate-at-large who has been put down as for Reed, will vote for McKinley.

HIGH WATER IN TEXAS.

Brazos River Rose Again and Wrought Ruin.

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 8.—During the past 36 hours another rise of six feet has come down the Brazos river, playing havoc. At Hempstead two ferryboats were swept away, and the heavy iron pillars of the new bridge are gone. Hundreds of dead horses and cattle are floating down stream, and the loss is heavy all along the river. At Velasco the Brazos is higher than ever known before and the town is now an island. Two whites and one negro were drowned. Their name could not be learned. The Sabina river in East Texas is out of its bank and doing much damage to saw mills and live stock.

INDIAN FIGHTER DEAD.

Gen. John Gibbon Passed Away at Baltimore.

Baltimore, Feb. 7.—Gen. John Gibbon, the famous Indian fighter, died at his home in this city last night at the age of 68. His death was caused by pneumonia, which attacked him last Sunday night just as he was about to start for Milwaukee to attend a reunion of the Loyal Legion. His wife, a son and daughter, survive him. He was on the retired list of the United States army with the rank of brigadier general. General Gibbon was born near Holmesburg, Pa., in 1827, and graduated at West Point 20 years later, served in the Mexican war.

EXPRESS ROBBER SENTENCED.

Wells-Fargo Co. Recovered Nearly All the Money.

Colorado Springs, Col., Feb. 6.—Kraut, the express agent of the Wells Fargo company, pleaded guilty to robbing the company of $20,000, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. His father was released. All but $125 of the money was recovered.

FORAKER AND M'KINLEY.

Governor Foraker, It is Said, Will Nominate McKinley at St. Louis.

Columbus, O., Feb. 11.—Evidences of united and harmonious action on the part of all Ohio Republican factions for the nomination of Governor McKinley are multiplying here daily. The announcement of the selection by Governor McKinley of Senator-elect Foraker as chairman of the state convention is followed by a well authenticated report not only that the delegation to be selected to represent this state in the national convention at St. Louis will be first, last and all the time for McKinley for President, but that Senator Foraker will formally present his name to the convention. It is stated that instead of opposing Major McKinley for the Presidential nomination after the first or second ballot, the real purpose of the Forakerites in endeavoring to secure control of the Ohio delegation is to secure the selection of Chas. L. Kurtz as national committeeman.

INDIANS BIG POW WOW.

Red Men Are Not Turning Out Very Largely.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 11.—A special to the Bee from Pine Ridge, Neb., says:

The great Pine Ridge pow wow convened yesterday. For some months a private subscription has been circulating soliciting aid among the Indians to send delegates to Washington to confer with the authorities in reference to matters pertaining to the Pine Ridge agency. It was said 7,000 Indians would be present at the pow-wow, but there is no probability that so large a number will attend. Not 700 got in yesterday. At this session zero weather is probable any day. The Indians for this reason will not travel much. The scene of the meeting is Wounded Knee, twenty miles from here.

Markets and Crops.

THE TRADE REV